Israel:
The soldiers who pay to get to the war

NEW TIMES

Is this any way
for a French Count
to make a living?

Conventional wisdom says gentlemen endorse checks, not whiskies.

BY 'ADAM SMITH'

WHEN THE TEACHER'S people called up about this ad, I had two serious Qualms. The first Qualm was that I might get thrown out of my Club, and the second was that the whole enterprise didn't make any traditional, linear sense because I hardly drink whisky at all—any whisky.

I belong to this Club with high ceilings and leather chairs and Intellectual Achievers—somebody must have put *The Wealth of Nations* by my name when I was put up—and some years ago they threw an Intellectual Achiever right out for being a Man of Distinction. Undignified, I think they said. The old nineteenth century idea that gentlemen endorse causes, not whiskies; we have had members who endorsed lettuce, South Viet Nam, and repealing whichever amendment gave women the vote.

"You can say anything you want," the Teacher's people said. "Talk about your book." My book is *Supermoney*. That is the book up on the best seller lists that is not about a seagull. The green stuff in your wallet is not the real money of the United States. The real money is Supermoney, which is e.g., the wealth that rains on you when you take a hot ad agency public. There are other things of moment in the book also, such as the day the United States almost ran out of money, and whether that could happen again, and what to do if the people around you are busy hustling the Supermoney when you are still thumbing the green stuff in your wallet. There is nothing in the book, however, about Scotch whisky. To get a capital gain out of Scotch whisky, you have to buy it in Scotland in large quantities and hold it for a long time. In barrels.

Of course, there are people who say you can get a capital gain out of Scotch whisky, if you invest ice cubes and maybe soda or water in it. It should be pointed out that this increases the volume, not the price.

Be that as it may, at my house we were accustomed to serving elegant French wines with dinner. I was a member of this wine society headquartered in Burgundy, which sampled and sniffed wines and pronounced them a little short of breed, and things like that. Then the elegant French wines went to $40 a bottle and we started telling people to bring their whisky glasses to the table.

I have no predictions for the price of Scotch, but almost nothing goes down in price with all that Supermoney around. Now we keep the Teacher's in the wine cellar. We keep the bottles lying on their sides, just out of habit, and we tell people it is grown in Scotland on this particular hillside which catches the late afternoon sun, on the left side of the road going north. We have to mark the vintages on the labels ourselves, in ink, but everybody seems just as happy.

I am still pondering the sociological and oenological implications of all this. I think there are some. I do know that when a company asks somebody who hardly drinks the stuff to do a Scotch ad, they have to be watched carefully. When they go public, that will be a significant market indicator.

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Photo: Mel Chamowitz

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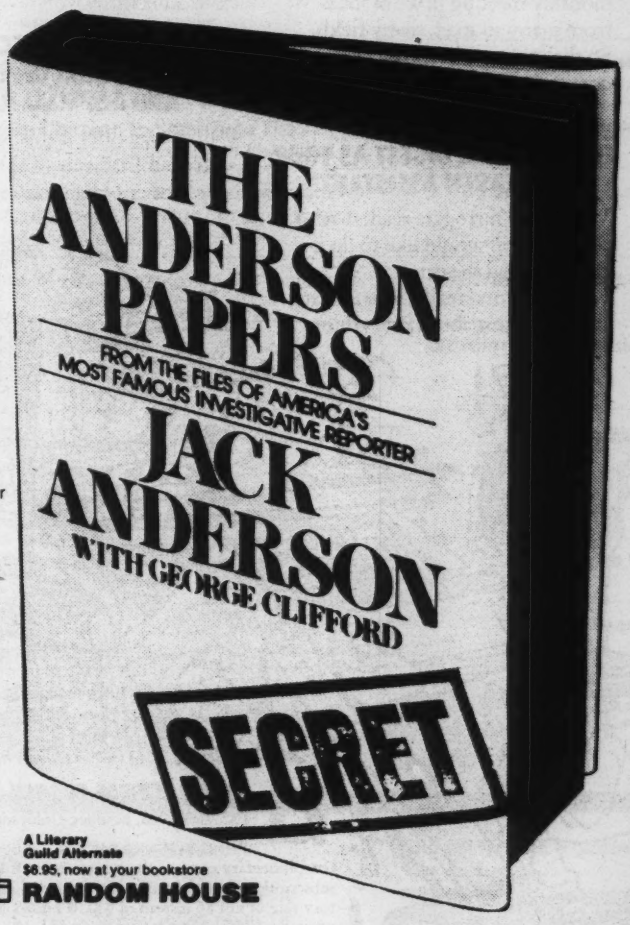

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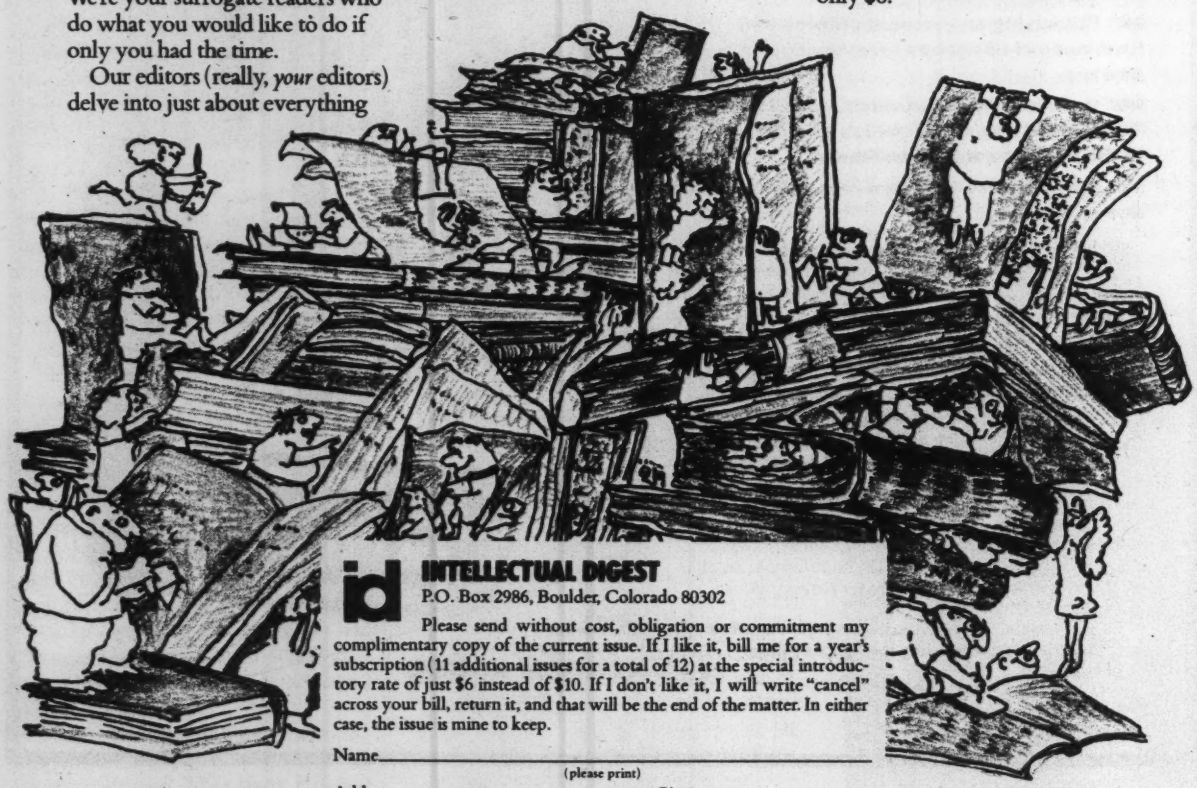

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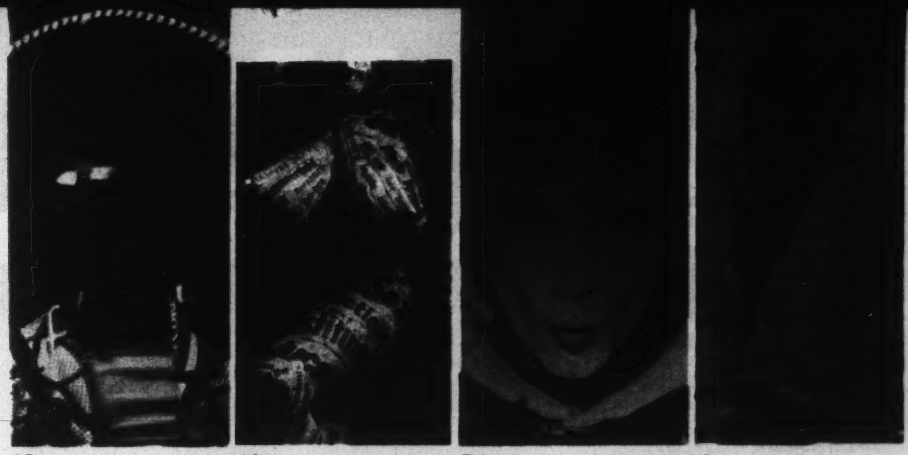

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BEHIND THE SCENES

Alfonso X. Donalson

John Filiatreau

Joe Nawrozki

Much of the input that shapes each issue of this magazine comes from a group we are proud to have brought together—the NEW TIMES correspondents. These correspondents are mostly young people who work on newspapers around the country and we are convinced that many of their bylines will soon become well known nationally. Three of them have articles in this issue, and I'd like to introduce them.

Alfonso X. Donalson's cover story on Count Frenchy Fuqua marks this writer's first appearance in a national magazine. In 1970, Al gave up a career selling for a home-improvements firm to apply for a job as a reporter with the Pittsburgh *Press*. "I realized I was working at a nothing job," Donalson says, "so I figured, what the hell, I'll see if I can do what I always wanted to do." The *Press* hired him on the basis of some work he had done for the University of Pittsburgh daily and some stories he'd written for a community newspaper while in high school.

John Filiatreau, who is 24, has worked as a reporter at the Louisville *Courier-Journal* for five years and now covers eight suburban counties outside Louisville for his paper. In his first NEW TIMES piece, he reports the poignant story of a Kentucky dairy farmer, who—because of rising costs—has been forced to sell his herd.

Baltimore correspondent Joe Nawrozki, a reporter for the Baltimore *News-American*, is the author of the Final Tribute to Veterans Day. For our first issue, Nawrozki wrote about Al Flora's bar and the rabid supporters of Spiro Agnew who drink there. The afternoon Agnew resigned, Nawrozki rushed back to the bar, where one patron saw one of his employees talking to our correspondent and fired her on the spot for befriending a member of the press.

Al Flora himself was shaken but friendly. "I was talking to a personal friend of Agnew's when I heard a commotion in the back," he told Joe. "I ran out to the bar and there's the bulletin coming over the Oriole game. God, I almost threw up." Flora quickly cancelled an order for 5,000 bumper stickers with the legend, "My kind of man, Ted Agnew is . . . keep on punchin'." Instead, he ordered a billboard sign downtown with the simple epitaph, "Say it ain't so, Ted."

George A. Hirsch

New Woman

Can a Woman Who Needs Someone Nice to Come Home to Have a Good Marriage with a Man Who Needs Someone Nice to Come Home to?

How Saying "No" to Sex Can Save Your Love Affair

How a (Female) High School Dropout Built a Business that Does over $150 Million a Year

The Growing Trend Toward Living Alone

The Three Fac
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The Insider

THE WORD

Ms. America under attack

Nixon staff members were not pleased when Elliot Richardson accepted an invitation from White House "enemy" Mayor John Lindsay to be the principal speaker at the recent dedication of New York City's new Police Headquarters—Lindsay's pet project. First, Richardson did not tell them about it, and second, the appearance convinced them that Richardson is already running for the presidential nomination in 1976. . . . Gov. Rockefeller, who is also gearing up for '76, has told friends that Richardson looms as a more formidable opponent for him than either Percy or Reagan in the 1976 GOP nomination battle.

Katharine Hepburn's recent two-night stand with Dick Cavett produced a Pavlovian response among book publishers, who have tried for years to get her on paper. For the whole story, one house reportedly bid $300,000. For the discreet story—she would not be asked to violate her canons of good taste—another house has offered less. Her William Morris agents, the same people who market Mark Spitz and Secretariat, do not expect her to consent, although they do not rule out the possibility. "They were after her for television for six years," says one Morris spokesman, "and we never thought she would do that either."

Associate Supreme Court Justice William Rehnquist, who is expected to be one of the President's staunchest backers in the Supreme Court's decision on the secret Watergate tapes, was ironically nominated for his new job largely on the recommendation of ousted presidential counsel John Dean. So explained John and Maureen Dean at a recent dinner party. The release of the tapes, of course, could very well be the key to proving Dean's allegations about the President.

The theaters in Cambridge, Mass., were recently running all the films of Jean Pierre Leaud in a kind of unofficial film festival. Leaud, of course, is the prodigy of Francois Truffaut and often plays, as in his latest movie *Day for Night*, the naive cuckolded lover. He was on hand to make personal appearances at the theaters when suddenly he disappeared. Apparently he couldn't get hold of his girlfriend in Paris by telephone and took the next flight back to find out why not.

Vermont Gov. Thomas Salmon gets six gallons to the mile in his sizable official limousine. Although he recently urged Vermonters to cut back on energy use or face state controls, he said it made no sense for him to trade his limousine in for a smaller car unless the other New England governors followed suit. Well, it turned out that New Hampshire Gov. Meldrim Thomson was already using an economy car and Maine's Gov. Kenneth Curtis is planning to trade in his big car. Nevertheless, says Salmon's press secretary, the governor is just too large to pack himself and his paperwork into a smaller car.

Katharine Hepburn

The Gainesville Marijuana Dealers Association has struck again. In September the anonymous "civic" group donated $10,000 in cash to a televised fund drive to fight cerebral palsy. Then two weeks ago two bearded young men drove up to the Gainesville American Civil Liberties Union president, Dr. David Chalmers, and handed him a $100 contribution from the GMDA to the ACLU.

Ever since the crowning of semi-feminist Rebecca Ann King as Miss America last month, the stately blonde and the pageant itself have been under attack. Pageant Executive Director Albert Marks estimates the stream of letters he's received have been running 5 to 1 against the former Miss Colorado over such popular favorites as Miss Texas and Miss Louisiana. Most of the criticism has been directed at Ms. King's beauty ("average looking"), musical talent ("pedestrian and unspectacular") and the fact she remained dry-eyed as she walked down the runway after her crowning (a weeping Miss America is a pageant tradition). "I might not have been the best in swim suit or talent," counters Ms. America, "but I think I was strongest in all areas."

Rebecca Ann King

It was not an original remark, but when Vice President Agnew resigned, a reporter for the Greensburg, Pa. *Tribune-Review* casually said in the newsroom, "One down, one to go." Less than 48 hours later the reporter, Jude Dippold, who had worked at the newspaper for more than three years, was summarily fired. He was told his job had been dissolved. The owner of the *Tribune-Review* is Richard Mellon Scaife, who contributed $1 million to the re-election of Richard Nixon. Twelve editors and reporters walked out with Dippold, leaving the newspaper with only eight remaining editorial staffers.

"Heck," says 70-year-old Wallie Weber, the backfield coach for the University of Michigan when Jerry Ford played center for the Wolverines in the '30s, "old Nixon, he was just a scrub when he was at Whittier. This guy Ford, why he was a lot more than just a scrub." During the Wolverine's championship seasons in 1932 and 1933, Ford mostly warmed the bench. But when he started his senior year, he was named the team's most-valuable player after helping the Wolverines to a 1 and 7 record—their worst since 1881.

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THE NEW TIMES GUIDE TO THE

arts

At the movies

American Graffiti. The time is 1962, the place a medium-sized town in northern California. A graduating group of high-school friends stays up all night to race their cars, make out, cruise, dance, fight, drink and say goodbyes. In George Lucas' film—the best American movie of the year so far—the last gasp of an era is frozen, literally and figuratively, in time and space. (A year later an assassination, a war and a long-haired British rock group would rip apart this world of grease, complacency and virtue.) While the period details are all perfect, what moves this movie beyond nostalgia is its compassion for the characters and its feel for a society closed off from reality by innocence, provincialism and a late summer night.

Day for Night. A disturbing, resonant and often hysterically funny comedy about movies and the people who make them. For director Francois Truffaut and star Jean-Pierre Leaud, this film is not only the summation of a remarkable long-time collaboration but one of its greatest triumphs.

Bang the Drum Slowly. A confused adaptation of the Mark Harris '50s baseball novel about a dying catcher and a pitcher who is his best friend. Director John Hancock never gets a real hold on the clubhouse milieu or the story and likes to substitute slow-motion "lyricism" for a close-up look at the characters and their sorrow. Phil Foster and Selma Diamond show up to do some pointless Borscht Belt *shtick*, but Robert De Niro, as the dumb but kind catcher, and Vincent Gardenia, a great character actor here cast as an eccentric baseball manager, make up for a lot.

Cops and Robbers. Two cops pull a $10-million heist in this peculiar caper picture. The suspense isn't unbearable and director Aram Avakian's stately shooting style is often at odds with the New Yorkese humor of Donald Westlake's script. But when it all clicks—as in one sequence involving Shepperd Strudwick as a Wall Street banker held captive in his own antiseptic office— the movie presents an ingenuous portrait of '70s defeatism. Joe Bologna and Cliff Gorman are fine and likeable as the much put-upon heroes.

Kid Blue. A casually Marxist view of the frontier town of Dime Box, Texas circa 1902. Edwin Shrake's screenplay is unconventionally witty for this genre, though untidy at times. Dennis Hopper and Warren Oates, as a two-bit bandit and his pathetically overcivilized best friend, bring off with some clarity the kind of non-sexual love affair that often develops between two men in American movies. James Frawley directed.

Harry in Your Pocket. Television's Bruce Geller makes his crude directorial debut with a movie about pickpockets so lacking in energy one feels cast and crew should be arrested for loitering. Star James Coburn is a sadly wasted natural resource. He's charming, but he hasn't had a good comic role since *The President's Analyst* in 1967.

The New Land. Jan Troell's sequel to *The Emigrants*, in which the Swedes settle 19th century Minnesota. The characters are humorless and bland, but Troell's driving, visceral narrative makes the old legend powerful at times. Max von Sydow gives a performance of immense ambiguity and Liv Ullmann suffers a lot.

The Grande Bouffe. Four friends eat themselves to death in this gross comedy directed by Marco Ferreri. Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi and especially Philippe Noiret do upstage the fabulous Fauchon feast, but food-as-sex has been done with more wit by Tony Richardson in films like *Tom Jones* and *The Loved One*.

Jeremy. A sensitive, cello-playing Jewish high-school sophomore falls in love with a Waspy ballerina junior in this sloshy Arthur Barron picture. Everyone in the film is so damn good and wise that the closest we get to evil is a brief sequence in which some tipsy adults are caught playing—gasp—Monopoly. While the movie pretends to be about love and growing up, it's really about the joys of being young, gifted and rich on the Upper East Side. As such, the film has more in common with Kay Thompson's *Eloise* books and George Roy Hill's *World of Henry Orient* than with J.D. Salinger. Nothing wrong in that, but the fun in *Jeremy* is spoiled by the righteous humorlessness of it all.

The Last American Hero. Inspired by Tom Wolfe's Junior Johnson tales, director Lamont Johnson has come up with a stunning picture of the fringe society of stock car racing.It's a movie about loneliness and dignity as they appear in the most unlikely of circumstances. An exceptional cast includes Jeff Bridges as Junior, Art Lund as his bootlegging father, Geraldine Fitzgerald as his long-suffering mother and Valerie Perrine as a Middle American groupie.

Electra Glide in Blue. Transcendental double-talk, a murder mystery, leather-and-cycle sadism and abundant references to the films of Ford, Antonioni, Peter Watkins and Dennis Hopper come together to no particular end in this excessive exercise in ego-gratification by director-composer James William Guercio. On occasion star Robert Blake rises above the dreck.

Heavy Traffic. Ralph Bakshi's animated, surreal view of a lonely underground New York populated by society's outs. Bakshi would like to offend everyone, but he's a

hyped-up square at heart. The settings—sometimes drawn around '50s footage of Manhattan—provide a mysterious and eerie backdrop for the goings-on.

The Paper Chase. *Love Story* revisited minus the story. The setting is Harvard Law School, but most of the film was shot in Toronto. It might as well be Philadelphia for all this movie has to do with its environment or real people. Timothy Bottoms stars, and James Bridges takes credit for the screenplay and direction.

Sisters. Director Brian De Palma's (*Greetings; Hi Mom*) rememberance of Hitchcock films past. Creepy and clever, but if you're familiar with *Rear Window* and *Psycho*, the suspense may dissipate at halftime. Exceedingly well cast with Margot Kidder, Jennifer Salt, Barnard Hughes and Charles Durning.

Late Autumn. Another domestic drama by the late Yasujiro Ozu about stoical loneliness within and apart from the Japanese family. Like much of Ozu's later work— *Late Autumn* was made in 1960 but is just going into American release— this picture is serene, austere, quietly upsetting and quite unlike the work of any other director. Chishu Ryu and some other members of Ozu's stock company are on hand; Setsuko Hara is nothing short of haunting as a widow who must give up her daughter to marriage.

What? An admirable but tedious fantasy from Roman Polanski, all about a hitchhiking American Alice-in-Wonderland adrift in a world where nothing makes sense anymore. The level of comic invention descends rapidly after the first 10 minutes, but Sydne Rome is perfection as the heroine.

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams. A menopausal couple attempts to come to terms with a rather conventional past, a homosexual son and their love for each other in this perfectly awful drama by Stewart Stern, who wrote *Rachel, Rachel.* Director Gilbert Cates tries desperately to come off as an American Ingmar Bergman, but this film has more in common with stale soap than with *Wild Strawberries.* Joanne Woodward and Martin Balsam struggle valiantly as the leads.

In books

The Anderson Papers *by Jack Anderson* (Random House, 275 pp., $6.95). Give ace muckraker Anderson a smidgin of dirt and, using tact, bluff, guile, guts and every contact he cultivates among the walking wounded of the political meatgrinder, he'll tattoo you to the Washington Monument by week's end. This lumpy, casually carpentered book selects four of the stories that Anderson & Co. has pursured of late—the gall of ITT, the invasion of the Bureau of Indian Affairs by Indian militants, the phantom drunk-driving record of Tom Eagleton (an undocumented smear, the author acknowledges), and the Nixon Administration's covert brinkmanship over the East Pakistan revolution—and shows their *modus operandi.* Strong evidence of why Jack Anderson is a valuable national resource.

A Fairy Tale of New York *by J.P. Donleavy* (Delacorte, 341 pp., $8.95). *The Ginger Man* man is back in form: antic, frantic, manic. Indeed, the pioneer black-humorist is still into his curious style: He writes. A lot. Like this. Thus: Cornelius Christian. American. Noncollege graduate. Foster child. Comes to New York on a boat from England. His wife dies. Bad taste. To do that. On a boat. Cornelius owes money. To the shipping company. To the mortician. Must pay back. Things don't go well for Cornelius in the big rich grey loveless ruthless city, but with surreal zaniness and a rather fibrous whimsy, he perseveres. Somehow, very *deja vu.*

Economics and the Public Purpose *by John Kenneth Galbraith* (Houghton Mifflin, 334 pp., $10). "Left to themselves, economic forces do not work out for the best except perhaps for the powerful," our shrewdest and boldest Establishment economist asserts as he comes out of the closet and unabashedly urges socialism for the softest areas of the economy (e.g., the housing, health and mass-transit industries), which he says are halfway there already, but are botching the job. Though the first two-thirds of the book are an elegant rehash of the Galbraithean overview (from *American Capitalism* and *The New Industrial State*) that our economic system is utterly dominated by a few hundred corporate leviathans, the last part is a daring, forceful and lucid blueprint for correcting massive inequities in American society. His proposals on wages (chop at the top, raise the bottom), interest rates (low and fixed), and the tax structure (the feds get far too much) will rile fat cats mightily no doubt, though they are aimed at reducing the volatility of U.S. industrial performance. In his most programmatic work to date, Galbraith urges the moguls to drop the sacrosanct concept that growth per se is progress, to stop being neurotic about the term "socialism" and to admit that there are some things that American private enterprise can't do (or doesn't want to because it doesn't pay) that gravely affect all our lives.

Malcolm Lowry. A Biography *by Douglas Day* (Oxford University Press, 425 pp., $10). Malcolm Lowry's life was one long hell on earth, and from its fire and ashes he composed *Under the Volcano,* considered one of the great novels of the century. A puzzling work to many, it will be more easily unravelled by reference to Mr. Day's vivid account of Lowry's odessey of self-destruction. We trail him from England to Mexico, California, New York, Vancouver and back to England, attracting en route legions of admirers (Conrad Aiken the most notable) with his considerable wit and charm. Alcohol dogged him all the way, though, along with a suicidal bent that he finally could not deny.

Wilt: Just Like Any Other 7-Foot Black Millionaire Who Lives Next Door *by Wilt Chamberlain and David Shaw* (Macmillan, 310 pp., $6.95). The Big Dipper, as he likes to be called (call him Stilt to his face and he may stuff you), leads the league in paranoia, too, as it turns out in this autobiography of an athletic immortal. He wins a measure of empathy as he speaks out against being thought a freak, a Superjock who's supposed to do it all every time out, and A Loser because he's so naturally gifted fans expect his team to win the title every season. But Wilt's bitching is endless and, coupled with his conspicuous consumption (a million-dollar house, a $30,000 Bentley, $3,000 antelope suits), conspicuous womanizing (he likes them pretty, leggy and biracial), and conspicuous candor (digs at Bill Russell, Jerry West, Elgin Baylor, Kareem Abdul Jabbar, Gail Goodrich *et al.*, the lowdown on his lowdown coaches, how he copes with owners), basketball's Main Man emerges as an honest, courageous, sexist, spendthrift, throughly vulnerable human being. Too little here about how the pro game really works, too much patting on his own large back.

Sydne Rome in a crazy villa in Polanski's What?*: fun for 10 minutes.*

Beulah Land *by Lonnie Coleman* (Doubleday, 552 pp., $8.95). This decade-spanning Dixie Gothic combines the oddest elements of Beverly Hills Biblical and antebellum Southern Freud to produce a truly trivial book. It sold to the paperbacks for the largest price any novel ever received, notwithstanding its cast of onionskin characters, predictable cycles of births, weddings and deaths (by hangings, throat-slitting, yellow fever and choking on a fishbone), and an enterprising variety of sexual interludes (including interracial, gay, incestuous and solitary). Not to be confused with *Gone With the Wind*, despite the publisher's claims to that effect.

Harold Nicolson and Vita Sackville West: gay hanky-panky and 49 years of love.

Portrait of a Marriage: V. Sackville-West & Harold Nicolson *by Nigel Nicolson* (Atheneum, 249 pp., $10). Vita Sackville-West was a hauntingly beautiful woman, full-breasted, gypsy-eyed, and eventually a lover of Virginia Woolf's. She was a novelist, a poet, and grew up at Knole, the largest privately owned home in England (the *house* covered four acres). Married at 20 to a handsome young diplomat, Harold Nicolson, at 23 she felt compelled to speak with her mother about his sexual coldness; he preferred, it turned out, young men (he would later refer to her affairs as "your muddles"; she to his as "your fun"). Between April of 1918 and the autumn of 1921, V. Sackville-West scandalized upper-class England by openly and flamboyantly carrying on a tempestuous love affair with another woman, Violet Trefusis. Throughout, Harold stood by her, constant, supportive, an enviable source of love and understanding—a union that would endure and grow for 49 years. *Portrait of a Marriage*, comprised of the memoir Vita secretly wrote at the painful end of her affair with Voilet, with tasteful commentary by her son, Nigel Nicolson, is an astounding, emotionally wrenching book. It may be—with the exception of *Sappho was a Right-On Woman*—the most important book yet to have appeared about lesbian love.

North Dallas Forty *by Peter Gent* (Morrow, 314 pp., $7.95). Gent, who never could go deep worth a damn as a pass receiver for the Cowboys, has gone very deep here as a novelist. From sex, violence and physical pain, he shapes a furious, funky and funny story of a man's mental anguish to survive in a world he despises but can't let go of. The last playing days of a Dallas offensive end named Phil Elliott are played back in an indictment of the exploitive commmercial aspects of pro football. Elliott manages to suit up only by regularly raising high the roof-beams of his head—with codeine, booze, grass, speed, fear or any combination thereof, all the while trying to figure out what he's really after. "Happiness would be nice and it's a swell goal," he tells his girl, when pressed, "but all I want right now is to know. To know whether I'm happy or unhappy, it don't matter which, I just want to know which I am."

The Honorary Consul *by Graham Greene* (Simon and Schuster, 315 pp., $7.95). Set in a small Argentinian city against an emotional landscape of dwindling hope and flickering passion, this new novel is vintage Graham Greene when it works. His themes here, as with his best fiction, are Christ and love, played out by lapsed Christians and loveless lovers. Chief ruminator is Dr. Edouardo Plarr, half-English, half-Paraguayan, who is forced to confront his commitments, or lack of them, when his friend the British consul is mistakenly kidnapped by rebels. The backdrop is palpitant with the moist heat of November in South America, and a corresponding torpor slows the narrative for much of the early going.

Cosell *by Howard Cosell* (Playboy Press, 390 pp., $8.95). Take away the pretty face, the buttery larynx and the unfailing good taste, and Howard Cosell is just another hogcaller in the wide world of sweat. Happily, those compromising qualities are irrevelant as the Bambino of Bombast goes the paper route. The result is a continuously readable recitation of Howard's Most Memorable Moments and Stupendously Stellar Stalwarts. His hankering for cliche has been svelted down to one per page, and while he too often belabors the obvious, the man's undeniable virtues shine through here: his candor, his outrage with hypocrisy, his unabashed infatuation with great gamesmen past and present (among them Jackie of the Pigeon Toes, Ali, Joe Willie and Vince the Coach). A sports fan's mother lode.

Cruel and Unusual: The Supreme Court and Capital Punishment *by Michael Meltsner* (Random House, 338 pp., $8.95). Abolition of the death penalty has not been a popular cause in an era when law-and-order vigilantes have yipped for blood. More credit, then, to the heroically persistent band of *probono* young lawyers, led by an intellectual dynamo named Tony Amsterdam, who spent nine years staying the hangman's noose from nearly 600 necks while they battled in court after court, state after state, against a centuries-old tradition. Eye-for-an-eye may be Biblically symmetrical, suggests Meltsner in this instructive narrative, but it does not bring humanity to an arbitrary and capricious criminal justice process. In 1972, the Supreme Court surprisingly agreed.

On records

Don't Cry Now *Linda Ronstadt* (Asylum). Previously unfulfilled potential finally comes to fruition; the album she's been waiting to make all these years. Beautifully produced, with most of the material perfectly suited to her emotional range; even material that doesn't exactly fit is so well handled you may not even notice. Linda's 'Desperado' is breathtaking, as are her versions of producer J.D. Souther's 'The Fast One' and Neil Young's 'I Believe In You.'

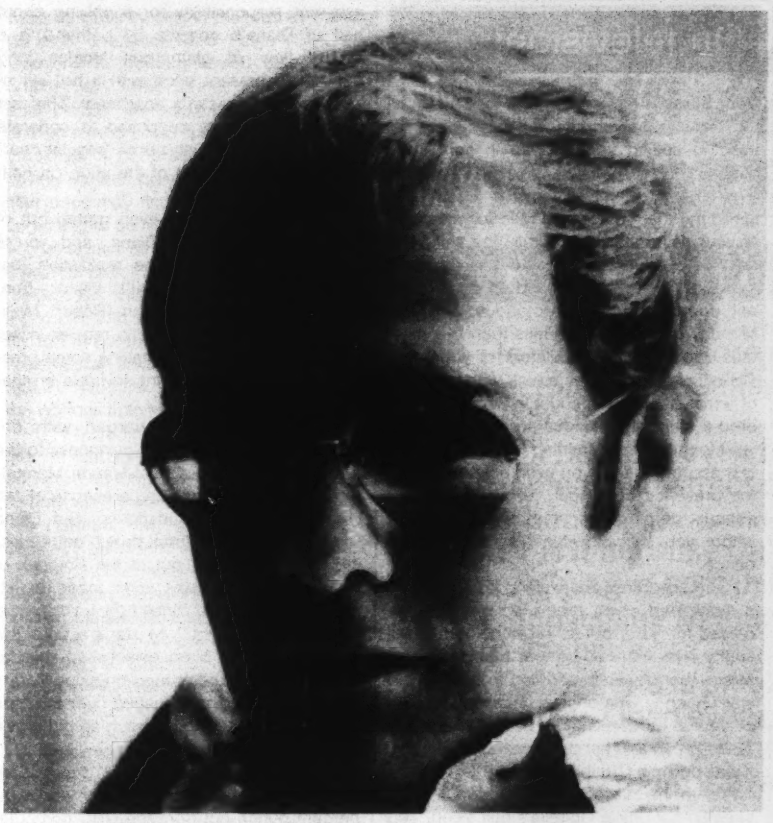
Goodbye Yellow Brick Road *Elton John* (MCA). Mr. Electricity, still in his hard-rock phase, continues to triumph over even the most banal of Bernie Taupin's lyrics (on Marilyn Monroe: 'Loneliness was tough'). Double album, solid but slightly padded, successfully mixes in loud campy rockers with some lovely ballads, plus a touch of reggae that's almost as trendy as Elton's taste in glad rags.

Time Fades Away *Neil Young* (Warner Bros.). Live album from last year's concert tour, with a marked change in style— this one is rough, raw and abrasive, with an agonized sound and one of Neil's all-time great songs, 'Don't Be Denied.' As adventuresome as it is uneven, ranging from the sedate ('Journey Through The Past') through the raucous, plus a touch or two of outright hysteria ('Yonder Stands The Sinner'), a fascinating departure.

Angel Clare *Garfunkel* (Columbia). Cut loose from both Paul Simon and his own first name, the artist opts for a sound so ephemeral it very nearly disappears under a barrage of like-a-'Bridge Over Troubled Water' overproduction. The sound may be airy, and the mood overly choirboy, but at least Garfunkel's material is all top pedigree, with sources ranging through Jimmy Webb, Van Morrison and Bach.

My Maria. *B.W. Stevenson* (RCA). B.W. didn't write the Three Dog Night hit 'Shambala,' although he released an earlier (by about three weeks) version. But he located Danny Moore, who did write it, and they co-authored the title gem of this album. B.W.'s best material is borrowed, but he's a wonderfully expressive singer, blending soulful strains of country and pop with deceptive ease. He's from Texas, and his first name is actually Buckwheat.

Maria Muldaur (Warner Bros.). Brilliant, long-awaited solo debut from the former



Elton John: Mr. Electricity triumphs over even the most banal of lyrics.

Kweskin Jug Band vocalist and New England heartthrob. By turns slinky, seductive, raunchy or wry, Maria runs through nonstop fabulous material, supplying as many moods as there are songs, and always underplaying her style just enough to keep things interesting. Beautifully produced, aided immeasurably by some of the best backup musicians anywhere.

Full Moon *Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge* (A & M). They're in love, they just got married, and they're so laid-back they're practically singing in their sleep. Ultra-sweet lyrics dwell relentlessly on an 'Until the End of Time' motif, but hell, they probably *are* "happy as bluebirds," as one tune puts it. Besides, they sure sound better together than they do separately.

Los Cochinos *Cheech y Chong* (Ode). A whole album fashioned around the notion that the very mention of dope is good for big laughs. Mostly a sophomoric yawn, with only a couple of routines worth listening to. But who else would think to do an in-depth interview with a body louse?

Gimme Something Real *Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson* (Warner Bros.). Valerie's made two superb albums of her own so far, and she and Nick have Motown in their blood, both as writers ('Ain't No Mountain High Enough') and producers. Here, they forge a charismatic blend of secular and gospel influences, fleshing it out with tight production. Sophisticated R & B.

Side 3 *Raspberries* (Capitol). Continuing proof that you don't have to be English to sound like the early Beatles. Also further proof that effervescent mid-'60s styles are still the gas they used to be. Soaring harmonies, pounding backbeat, and a mock innocence that's both quaint and refreshing; like the early Beatles, they'd be happy just to dance with you. A two-straw milkshake a grade-A good time.

Last Chance *Chip Taylor* (Warner Bros.). A fine little C & W sleeper from a guy so mellow his style is just this side of lethargic. Combining rock-and-roll sentiments with country phrasings ('The Real Thing'), Taylor is a dry enough wit to write a song about his experience with the record charts ('101 In Cashbox') and get away with it. Once upon a time, he wrote the best-selling 'Angel of the Morning.' And he's Jon Voight's brother, although Jon Voight probably doesn't sing this well.

Goat's Head Soup *The Rolling Stones* (Rolling Stones Records). Only a medium high on the Stones' epic continuum, but that still puts it yards above anything else that's come out lately. Be they soft-riff or tough-riff, most tunes focus on the background sound; still, 'Angie' is a melodramatic standout, 'Heartbreaker' a good solid successor to 'Bitch,' and 'Dancing with Mr. D' ominous enough to keep the kinkiness alive. But the craven business of cleaning up the title of 'Star fucker' (it's now 'Star Star') is simply not worthy of them.

Puccini, La Boheme *Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra Chorus: Deutsch Oper, Berlin. Herbert von Karajan, Cond.* (London). Maestro von Karajan's Teutonic—and refreshing— reading of Puccini's oft-recorded score will be the cause of much musical controversy. In any case, the vocal team of Freni and Favarotti cannot be equaled for coupling the required youthful freshness of voice with mature vocal artistry. With a stellar supporting cast headed by Panerai, Ghiarov and Harwood, this recording is highly recommended.

Relativity Suite *Don Cherry and the Jazz Composer's Orchestra* (JCOA Records). Free music with melodies you can hum (that, in fact, have a habit of sticking in the brain all night), isn't exactly what we've come to expect from the jazz avantgarde, but that's what Don Cherry, who makes an art of being unpredictable, has come up with. Alternately peaceful, mystifying, even march-like, Cherry's 'Relativity Suite' is a delightful melange of Oriental scales, classical motifs and solid modern jazz (as opposed to the Modern Jazz Quartet), played by an orchestra of superb avant-garde musicians, including violin superstar Leroy Jenkins and three-fourths of the Ornette Coleman Quartet.

Lawrence of Newark *Larry Young* (Perception Records). Jimmy Smith still wins the Down Beat Poll almost automatically each year in the organ category. But for us, at least, Larry Young continues to play the world's heaviest organ, in terms of both style and technique. Larry came close to overshadowing Tony Williams, John McLaughlin, and later Jack Bruce, when they all played in the legendary Tony Williams Lifetime a few years back. Now his first album since leaving Tony is out, an effortless millefleur of funky and far-out organ genius. The performances here streak along as lovely and smooth as 30-year-old scotch, yet make use of musical advances that other organists are still groping and hoping for.

The New Quartet *Gary Burton* (ECM Records). Gary Burton rose to popularity around the beginning of the so-called jazz-rock movement (when he was playing with Larry Coryell and others), but at his best he was always closer to a kind of lush country-jazz, with a Milt Jackson tone. And that's the style of his best new album in a long while, out on a German independent label. The sound quality is breathtaking, of a clarity unknown to American recordings—and the music ain't bad either. With dazzling technique, Burton's breathy vibes dance against the simplest and most effective band he's put together since losing Coryell five years ago. Old fans should be especially pleased.

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PHOTO CREDITS

4- Jill Freedman (left and center), Paul T. Whyte (right); 6-Stan Ponfiere (Miss America); 66,67- Michael Dobo; 68- Paul T. Whyte.

On television

Dear Diana Rigg,

As an *Avengers* fanatic I became used to seeing you trapped in tight situations. You had your karate then, and that ever-present mental keenness which assured me that you always held full measure of your plight, and would rally the sufficient balance of expertise and cold-steel courage to collide, black leather head-on into apparent doom, and shine victorious. But last Monday night you were less than five minutes into the third installment of your new *Diana* series and I was struck with a feeling of terror. You were caught in what I considered a strikingly ominous predicament, and yet I found myself straining to draw the faintest assurance that you even acknowledged the presence of danger, let alone the poisonous perplexity of the spiders among whom you sat with little Ms. Muffet innocence.

I perceived you sinking passively into a disinterred crypt, renovated perhaps, rechiced for sure, but its resemblance to the sunny New York apartment abandoned by Marlo Thomas when she fled from *That Girl* was uncanny. The original deceased tenants of your new dwellings, I believe, were *My Sister Eileen* and her sister, who had it when it was down in Greenwich Village.

In my vision of Diana, your state seemed not unlike Ophelia's half sleep. This was all right, though, because the script called for the "fun-loving divorcee seeking a new life in America as a Fifth Avenue fashion co-ordinator" to be awakened at 4:30 a.m. by one of the regular "unusual" visitors to her apartment. Let me tell our regular readers about your regular "unusuals." They all have keys supplied by Diana's brother, who assumes responsibility for supplying about half of Diana's comsits by befriending a steady flow of glamorous loonies long enough to present each with a hot set of keys to hees seester's apartment. The rest of the comsits are supposed to generate from the small but lively set of "regular characters" who work out of the shop on Fifth Avenue.

But you haven't even gotten out of your night gown yet, Diana, and you're being confronted with the realization that one particular "unusual" visitor—trim, bearded writer Jeff Harmon (Robert Mulligan)—has been promoted to regular visitor and steady love interest, taking some pressure off the never-present, invisible brother and his locksmith.

Diana Smythe, charged with enthusiasm to adapt her fun-lovingness to the free-spirited mores of post-*Maude* Manhattan, accepts the expanding presence of Jeff Harmon with words unspoken. But Diana Rigg? Did the laugh track drown out a message which popped out of the Rolodex of one-liners and gag sets which made up Jeff Harmon's dialogue? "Well I think I'll give up writing for the night," he starts a false exit line once it has been established that he can't remember the ground-breaking literary idea he had originally rushed over to share with a neighbor. "I'll go watch an old movie on TV; maybe it will give me a new idea."

"New ideas from old;" there's the folly as expressed by a character who is 90 percent punch-out from the NBC computer of old sitcom formulas. The remaining 10 percent of Harmon is owned and operated by the writers (your writers, Diana) who have given him the job of frustrated TV writer, thereby making him a colleague and the occasional spokesman of their souls.

You should know a bit more about this practice Diana. Carl Reiner was the first

Diana Rigg: her writers out to lunch since getting off strike.

writer to blatantly exploit the form by making his lead character, Rob Petrie (Dick Van Dyke), a TV comedy writer. Later, in the original Van Dyke format, Reiner created and played an executive producer/star character who could speak for the other two pie-slices of his divided self. The effect of having sitcoms grow out of sitcoms so that alter egos may find their own alter egos is beginning to be felt. Less than an hour after you've signed off the air, the New Dick Van Dyke—as Dick Preston who last season had his own talk show in Phoenix but is now living in L.A. and subsequently losing his identity to the doctor he plays on an afternoon soap opera—asks his real TV wife why their real TV daughter says, "I'd rather live with the Waltons than in our home."

I hope I'm not confusing you, Diana, but I'm just trying to demonstrate that sitcoms are no longer a week of lazy Sundays in Mayberry. When Diana Smythe cries to Jeff Harmon, "My pocketbook is gone. I think I've been torn up," and he responds, "I think you've been ripped off," consider the possibility that more than a play on slang is being transacted. Presently your show has problems. If your writers were hired for originality, they've been out to lunch since getting off strike. The most distinguished attribute of your show's creator/producer, Leonard B. Stern, is to spot women possessing a special vidacom gleam—Barbara Feldon, Paula Prentiss, and Susan St. James before you—and to park them in respectable vehicles. He should do better by you.

Mary Tyler Moore made the right decision moving out of Dick Van Dyke's kitchen and into an action-central newsroom. But your people made the wrong move propping you up at a desk between the grumpy but fatherly boss's runway and the witty Jewish colleague's typewriter in the only Fifth Avenue showroom back office that permeates with the eerie feel of a familiar local TV station serving the twin cities of Marytylerapolis and St. Moore, Minnesota.

Diana, you've come this far to do sitcom for America, and somebody over here owes you a briefing on the trials and tribulations of the women who have come before you. I'll accept that task next issue. At times they've been forced to play witches and servile genies, you know. You need to understand the contradictions—like how some women on today's sitcoms must get raped or at least get a touch of VD for their laughs while the star of *Here's Lucy*, who follows you on another network, can get away with sitting for a spaniel for a half hour.

If we can arm you with a greater sense of the historical context of the American situation comedy (hist. cont./sitcom), you will be much better protected against the fates that befell Sandy Duncan. Has anybody told you the story of Sandy Duncan yet?

Love,

Stuart Werbin

P.S. Congrats on being the only new program to make the top 30 (29) the first two weeks of the stuttering new season. ●

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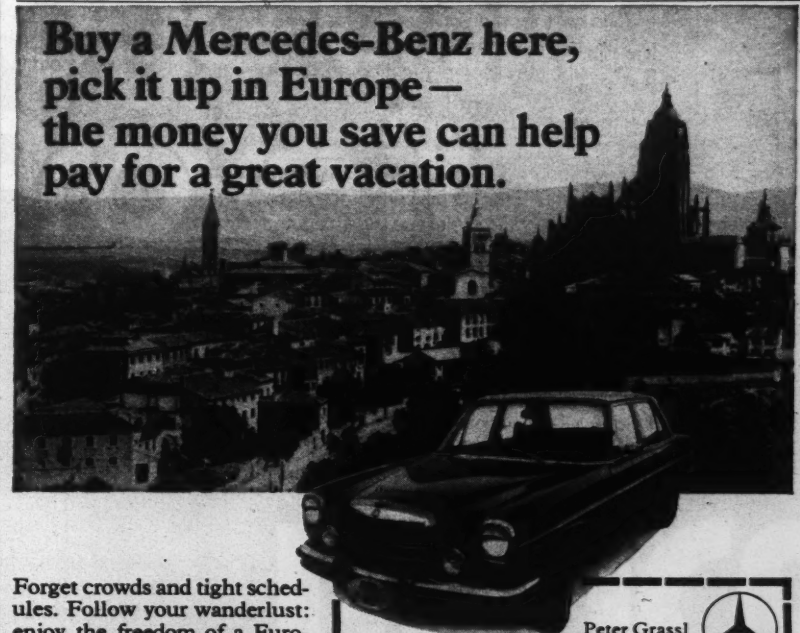

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POWER POLITICS

The Insider

The 1973 elections: Racial politics in Detroit; A Watergate test in New Jersey

The first electoral test of Watergate fallout, it now seems, will have to wait until 1974. With the exception perhaps of the New Jersey Governor's race, the few other elections this fall—most are non-partisan runoffs for mayor—do not seem to be shaping into anything like a definitive referendum on how badly the Republican party has been hurt by plumbers, dirty tricks, secret tapes, corrupt Vice Presidents and aides, secret bombings, and double-talk.

Instead, crime and racial fear continue to weigh on the minds of voters who still care. If Watergate is to have any electoral expression this year, it will be tallied by the number of voters who are so turned off to politics that they won't bother to vote at all.

In Detroit, traditionally a union-controlled city, the big labor candidate did not even make the mayoral runoff. The election will be won or lost almost entirely through racial politics—despite the candidates' attempts to refocus the issues. "Any man who is going to vote for me because I am a white-Anglo-Saxon," said John Nichols, the 54-year-old former police commissioner, "should stay home election day." And his opponent, Coleman Young, a black state senator, has made every effort to skirt black attacks on the conduct of Nichols' police department.

But one independent poll has already confirmed what everyone assumes: that at least 80 percent of the people who cast their ballots will simply vote their race. As an aging woman said at a downtown bus stop when asked what she thought of the mayor's race, "He's white and the next one will be too if my vote makes any difference." The whites—who hold a slight majority of the 810,000 registered voters—have the edge.

In Virginia, the Democratic Party, impotent since the machine days of the late Sen. Harry Byrd Sr., is not even fielding a candidate this year in the gubernatorial election. The Republican candidate is former Gov. Mills Godwin, a turncoat conservative democrat whose biggest problem is explaining away a four percent food tax passed during his administration. His opponent, Lt. Gov. Henry Howell, is a folksy liberal populist who conjures up the image of Huey Long and tours the state in a mobile home draped with banners and called the "Howell Cannon Ball." An independent maverick, Howell courts farmers, small tradesmen, blacks, blue-collar workers—the people the Byrd crowd never had much use for, including some Wallace backers. Said one campaign worker, "Both George Wallace and Henry Howell will stand up to anybody and fight for the ordinary people." Godwin's the favorite, but Howell has a good chance here.

New Jersey is one state President Nixon will be watching closely. A blunt law-and-order conservative, Republican state Senator Charles W. Sandman Jr. is winning votes on fast talk about restoring the death penalty and opposing a state income tax. His opponent is a soft-line liberal, Democrat Brendan T. Byrne. According to the polls, Byrne, who has outspent Sandman three to one, is ahead. But Sandman has an outside chance—which is just what Nixon needs as hard evidence to prove that Watergate will not cripple Republican candidates of his own mold in 1974.

Illustrations by Bill Nelson

One sign that the women's rights movement is losing momentum is that the Equal Rights Amendment, passed overwhelmingly by Congress in 1972, is currently bogged down in key state legislatures. Thirty states have already ratified the amendment, but the eight more necessary to complete the ratification are going to be tough to crack. Business groups are running well-financed campaigns to stop ratification, and womens' groups in the meantime have developed no national plan to oppose them. Even if they did have a plan, they don't have the money to implement it. Unless a strong effort is undertaken soon, the Equal Rights Amendment seems finished.

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THE SEVENTIES

The Insider

Housework troubles the communes; Harvard grad can't sell a guru; One prediction Jean Dixon didn't make

The heady days of the media-glamorized communes are over and now the social scientists are tallying up the more prosaic results. The idea that one can drop out of the establishment and tune into an instant lifestyle change by joining a commune doesn't seem to hold up. First, interpersonal conflicts killed off many communal experiments before the experiments made a dent in the participants' habits. And second, obstructive sex role habits were difficult to discard.

Harvard psychologist Rosabeth Moss Kanter, who has been studying urban communes, reports that the communes that still exist are having trouble "dehousewifing" the women.

In an effort to surmount this trouble sociologist Keith Miller and about 30 students at the University of Kansas have moved into a house where they carry out chores on a contractual basis. The system revolves around defining the behaviors necessary to keeping the house going, parceling out the tasks on a weekly sign-up basis, inspecting the results and implementing a credit system on rent reductions to maintain specified behaviors. A little organization can come a long way.

Nixon economist George Shultz now has more to worry about than unemployment. A new book, *Mental Illness and the Economy*, by Johns Hopkins sociologist M. Harvey Brenner, points out a telling relationship between the state of the economy and mental-hospital admissions in New York State from 1841 to 1967: when the economy nose-dives, admissions to mental hospitals go up, and, conversely, when the economy revives, the admissions go down.

After the 1959 *In Cold Blood* family was killed in Holcomb, Kan., their house remained vacant more than five years before someone moved in. And recently, in Lexington, Ky., where the Rev. John K. Barnes and two of his children were murdered by two escaped convicts, his wife told friends she will never move back into their $100,000 home. But she is now having trouble selling it. "It's always hard to resell a house where there's been a tragedy," explained one banker. "When people are shopping for a new house," added a local realtor, "they check the pipes but they buy on a gut feeling that their families will be happy there. What kind of guy is going to want to leave town on a business trip and leave his wife and kids behind in a house where a family has been wiped out."

Marty Weiss entered Harvard in 1968 with all the proper goals: plans to go on to a prestigious law school, a top New York firm, and then probably into politics. Since then, he's gotten sidetracked. This August Weiss' 1,400 Harvard-Radcliffe '72 classmates received a letter from him, explaining he had seen the light in the Guru Maharaj Ji—the 15-year-old "perfect master" from India who, among other things, converted Rennie Davis and caught a Detroit cream pie in the face.

"Only when you experience this Knowledge will you know for yourself," Weiss wrote in his Xeroxed letter. The response from his classmates was less than heartwarming. Only 12 bothered to write back.

Suicide-prevention centers might provide some good talk and sympathetic ears but the disturbing fact is they don't stop people from jumping off buildings. In a recent issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Dr. David Lester of Pomona, N.J., points out that the suicide rates in 17 American cities with prevention centers have not changed significantly since 1960—nor have the suicide rates changed much in 27 cities without such centers.

No one knows who started them, but persistent rumors in Langhorn, Pa., claim that seeress Jean Dixon has predicted the imminent collapse of the city's extravagant new shopping center, the Oxford Valley Mall. Although she has predicted

Illustrations by Mordi Gerstein

many an uncanny event, this is one she denies. The Center officially opened August 9 and so far still stands intact. But shoppers are not showing up as expected. The management says the incident is "too bizarre" to comment upon.

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If President Nixon is kicked out of office, will he be eligible to collect unemployment insurance?

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THE BOTTOM LINE

The Insider

A new scandal for the airlines; Multi-purpose coffins; And pot-belly stoves are hot

The American airline industry, already beset by lackluster earnings, top management shifts and the revelation that Braniff and American made secret campaign contributions to President Nixon's re-election campaign, may soon be rocked by a new scandal: a widespread kickback scheme, involving millions of dollars in under-the-table cash payments to travel agents. The payments, which violate CAB regulations, are allegedly being made to gain preferential treatment in the selection of travel sites and airline accommodations.

Although food prices fell 5.2 percent in September, the largest monthly decline since February, 1948, food processors are still predicting all-time price hikes for the winter. One thing to watch: soybean futures, which have been climbing steadily in price since last spring. Soybean meal, a basic ingredient of most animal feeds, has increased in price from $102 a ton to over $350 a ton. The price of wheat feed is up by about 25 percent and the price of corn feed is up by about one-third. The figures conflict sharply with Nixon Administration promises to hold retail food price increases to no more than 10 percent for the current year.

Coke and coffee are about to sink tea in England. Tea industry sources say that the sales of coffee and soft drinks are soaring, causing the current consumption of tea to plummet. To stop the trend, the British Tea Council is launching a desperate nation-

wide promotion to convince 13 to 25-year-olds that tea drinking is very British. Unless the campaign works, it is estimated that the British will drink their last cup of tea in 1990.

Mackay, Idaho—If you live in the country and one day you see some city dude snooping around your old barn, don't shoot him—he's most likely interested in your old, wood-burning heater, that cast-iron monster you exiled to the fields after they brought in electricity in 1945. With most of the country jittery about oil, gas or electricity shortages and with winter coming

on, wood-burning stoves are selling like cotton candy at the county fair. Even the companies that sell them new, like King Stove of Alabama and that old wish-book maker, Sears, can't keep up with the demand. So sell the man your rusty pot-belly, and after he goes, you might as well cut that dead cottonwood up into 16-inch lengths. After he's figured out that you can't plug the thing in, he'll be back for the wood. **—Michael Parfit**

Shaking his head after a recent conference on Watergate with President Nixon, Sen. William Saxbe (O., Rep.) said, "I get the feeling sometimes that this administration could be the last chance for businessmen to run the country—and they've struck out. It's a damn shame." Saxbe added, "I'm afraid that as a result of booting this chance, we'll go back to the misery lobby and the social planners."

Lights and signs are being turned off in the Northwest, which depends on hydroelectric power, as a result of a drought. Low water levels behind dams have intensified the power shortage felt around the nation and the Bonneville Power Administration has warned residents and industry to cut power use now or face mandatory rationing around New Year's Day.

The Washington State Legislature has granted Gov. Dan Evans near-dictatorial authority to curtail power use. And in Oregon, Gov. Tom McCall has ordered most outdoor-advertising signs shut off. The Cincinnati Sign Supply, Inc., of course, is not happy about this development and called in John Ehrlichman, who has moved back to Seattle, to investigate the matter for them.

A new idea from the Rocky Mountain Casket Co.: for $125 plus shipping, you can buy your coffin now and put it right to work as a gun cabinet, pool cue rack, coffee table or bookshelf. For an extra $10, you get four shelves and two wine racks designed to fit inside.

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"Jimmy is angry with Daddy!"

"Our only problem was feeling so alone, so strange...."

"Being an optimist I never gave much thought to the possibility of having a disabled child."

"I try to forge ahead, fully aware that life may never be full, but determined never to accept less than I must."

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NEW TIMES
NOVEMBER 2, 1973

An auto mechanic from Brooklyn and a businessman from Canada return home to Israel to fight in the war

"We are paying out of our own pockets to go and face death"

by Richard Boyle

At first Isaac Shked was not worried. Isaac Shked is a 28-year-old Israeli who owns a successful auto garage in Brooklyn, N.Y. When his homeland was attacked on Yom Kippur, the holiest of all days to Jews, Shked said, "I told my friends to calm down and trust the Israeli Army." But by the third day of the war, the Israeli Army had not mounted its usual swift, sure, overwhelming counterattack, and Isaac Shked was worried. "It is not the Israeli way to stand," he said. "We move forward." He went down to the Israeli Consulate and volunteered to fly to Tel Aviv and fight, but he was told he was not needed yet, to wait. By the next day—with the Egyptians still solidly entrenched on the east bank of the Suez—Shked could wait no longer. "I'm a veteran of the six-day war and I know how to fix tanks," he said now, at Kennedy Airport, as he waited with scores of other Israeli reservists for a commercial airplane to take him home to war. When he'd decided to go, he had not taken time to change his clothes, and so he sat in the lounge at Kennedy wearing a reddish-hued suit and said simply, "I have to go."

First he went to London on a Pan Am flight that was full of volunteers who had to make connections with El Al, Israel's lifeline to its thousands of reservists around the world. These reservists live abroad and are vital to the army of the Jewish State; without them Israel would stand less of a chance against the much larger Arab armies. El Al was the only airline flying into Israel. At London's Heathrow Airport the El Al crews were working around the clock to help clear the planes of the frightened tourists who were coming out of the embattled state, and to hustle onto the hastily refueled aircraft the throngs of solemn, gritty reservists who were going to Tel Aviv. The reservists had to wait their turn at Heathrow, often for hours. Some slept on the sofas in the lounge, others sipped coffee, and many joked with old buddies whom they hadn't seen since the last war, in 1967.

Shked and several of his friends grabbed a taxi into London to buy shoes, because that is one place to buy great shoes, and all of them seemed to think they would get a lot of use out of the footwear once this latest war was over. They knew this was without question the most desperately bloody war for Israel since it achieved independence in 1948, but none of the reservists had any doubts about who would win.

Lt. Col. Nafti Avi is, like Shked, a tanker. He is 45, and he had fought in the War of Independence, in the 1956 war, in the six-day war in '67. And now it was happening again and he knew he was supposed to be with his men somewhere in the Sinai right now, so here he was in a Heathrow Airport coffee shop eating scrambled eggs and waiting to go fight once more. He had come to London on a long overnight flight from his home and business in Canada, and he had been unable to sleep. There had been too much on his mind. He looked very tired, his eyelids drooped and his face was drawn as he ran a veiny hand through his greying hair.

"Never in history has there been anything like this, thousands of us paying out of our own pockets to go and face death," Avi said. "Why—" He pushed aside his plate and began scrawling on a paper napkin with a ballpoint pen. "Why, in 1921 they tried to wipe us out. In 1936 they tried again. In 1947 they said we didn't stand a chance. 1956. 1967. Now." He stopped scribbling, the fatigue halting his pen. But the words kept coming as he spoke of why he had to fight again.

"Hitler never said he wanted to kill all the Englishmen, did he? He never wanted to wipe out the French. But us. *Us.* The Arabs want to kill us all." He shook his head. "In 1947 we told them to stay and live with us in peace, but they wanted to wipe us out. We will never let it happen."

At Lod Airport, Isaac Shked waits for the call that will send him off to the war.

Suddenly his tired eyelids lifted and revealed pained eyes as he pointed to a British newspaper a man at the next stool was reading. "Look at that," he said, referring to an article on the increase of Soviet supplies being sent to the Egyptians—including the deadly new missiles which had taken such a terrible toll of Israeli forces, missiles so sophisticated the Israelis had not yet found any way to defeat them. "That's what worries me," he said. "Other nations can afford to lose a war. We cannot."

He looked up at the clock, sighed and said he had to go. He walked slowly toward his departure gate, his shoulders slumped, a man who appeared near ex-

On the road to Damascus, an Israeli soldier in sandals charges for a new position amid Syrian shellbursts.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BOYLE

Richard Boyle is a writer-photographer whose book Flower of the Dragon *came out of his three tours in Vietnam.*

"I have to go," Isaac said. "We must wait for some other time to have our party"

haustion. Reservists were already lined up and filing aboard. The few non-Israelis were thoroughly frisked, because every El Al plane headed for Tel Aviv was a prime target for terrorists. As Lt. Col. Avi approached the end of the line, a young Israeli with a transistor radio next to his ear stopped him and said, "Shalom," smiling broadly. "We have broken through—headed for Damascus!" he said. Lt. Col. Avi's right fist clenched and, as he strode briskly toward the plane, his face no longer appeared drawn. His back, when he stepped aboard, was very straight.

With his reddish-hued suit and a mouth framed by a long Fu Manchu moustache, Isaac Shked boarded the aircraft looking nothing at all like either a Brooklyn garage owner or a native Israeli. But he was in fact a fourth-generation Sabra, and that heritage was finally undisguisable. There was something in his manner, his carriage: you might call it a swagger, or maybe it is just a sense of one's own self, but it is something all Sabras have. Sabra is the name of a prickly cactus that is rough on the outside, soft on the inside.

As the plane took off, Isaac Shked strapped himself into his seat and talked with his buddies about the war news they'd heard over the radio. "I heard the Syrians have killed our POWs," someone said. Isaac's mouth hardened and he said, "During the six-day war they showed one of our pilots being hacked to death on Syrian television. Can you imagine that? Our pilots really blasted Damascus after that happened."

He pulled his seat belt even tighter, then smiled. "You know," he said, "we might end up in Cairo."

The reservists nearby laughed. Some, like Lt. Col. Avi, had gone right to sleep. The rest kidded among themselves, played cards and flirted with the pretty El Al stewardesses. But there remained a heavy sense of urgency on the plane which, except for a U.S. news team and me, was made up entirely of Israelis. The talk, in English and guttural Hebrew, always kept coming back to the war.

"We cannot lose," said the winsome, dark-eyed, dark-haired stewardess, "we just cannot." She was leaning against the cabin bulkhead, having flown for three straight days without rest. She was asked if she was scared, making all these flights, day after day, into a nation at war.

"No," she said. "I am an Israeli soldier," and her arm gestured around the cabin proudly, "as are all Israelis."

The aircraft dropped several thousand feet as it entered Israeli air space, and Isaac Skhed, from Brooklyn, began to speak of the Bible and what it means to his people. He talked of the Wailing Wall and of Israel's destiny to retake the holiest city, and of the battle of Armaggedon, that last final scene of folly, as predicted by the Sislia, when mankind destroys itself.

Then he reached over and touched my arm, smiling. "Maybe I won't have to fight tonight. Maybe we can go out and have some fun. You'll like my sister. She is an army nurse."

I grinned back and nodded. We had been traveling for almost 20 hours without rest, and it seemed like a good idea, one brief night out before what was to come for Isaac Shked.

A message in Hebrew blared over the plane's loudspeaker, and everyone quickly drew the plastic curtains over the windows as all the lights were turned off, even the landing lights. The plane was into its pattern approaching Tel Aviv, and a lightless ship could not attract Syrian or Egyptian fighters. Everyone grew quiet in the thick, weightless darkness as the plane dropped lower and lower.

But the instant the wheels squealed against the runway, everyone burst into a Hebrew folk song, clapping a beat with their hands. Many of the reservists had come thousands of miles in a short time. All of them had left families or loved ones, schools or jobs . . . and peace. Some carried on their bodies the scar tissue of other wars here. Isaac Shked recalled, as the plane taxied in, the land mine his tank had hit during the six-day war. But he did not speak of the painful wounds of that day six years ago. He spoke of the 1,000 Syrian tanks on the Northern Front now, and the 2,000 tanks in the Sinai, knowing he would be engaging some of them in his tank very soon. He said he was prepared.

As the men rose from their seats and started off the plane, Isaac Shked began talking about the six-day war, about how the Egyptians had run from the thrust of a deep Israeli armor strike, the officers taking every vehicle and racing away, leaving the troops stranded in the desert. "It was sad," Issac said softly, "seeing them along the road. There were thousands of them, dying of thirst. We threw them jerry cans of water. We did the best we could for them."

But this time, he knew all too well, the Egyptians were not running.

A young lieutenant met the reservists as they debarked the plane. He had a clipboard in his hand, and he ran down the list of names, reading off those of the men who were to report to units immediately. Lt. Col. Avi, looking rested now, was among the first to move off, heading into his fourth war. Then the lieutenant got down to Shked, and Isaac turned to me and smiled.

"I have to go," he said. "We must wait for some other time to have our party. Maybe when the war is over."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know, maybe the Golan Heights. I hear it is bad up there." He shrugged.

"Shalom."

"Shalom," he said and walked away with a group of troops. All of them were in uniform and carrying weapons. Isaac Shked was still wearing his reddish-hued New York suit and, under his arm, he carried a new pair of London shoes. But between London and Tel Aviv, he had clearly become a combat soldier. ●

"The first World War Three battlefield"

By Arthur Hadley

"The Sinai is the first World War Three-type battlefield."

"No U.S. pilot has faced fire as deadly as the SAM 6."

"The night anti-tank ability of the Egyptians is beyond our own."

"The tank and the fighter bomber are both obsolescent."

"The mid-intensity battlefield has arrived and Egypt, not Israel, has the weapons."

Speaking privately, off the record, some of the best brains in the U.S. Army and Air Force make these reluctant comments about the Arab-Israeli war. All of them have commanded in Vietnam and Europe, been briefed by the Israelis or fought alongside them in previous wars. I've known some of them for 20 years, found them frighteningly right in the past, including on Vietnam. Their comments on the Mideast War paint a far darker picture of Israel's future and losses than has been coming out—though they still forecast a final, bloody Israeli "victory."

The Israelis, according to these men, made the age-old military mistake, which the victor traditionally makes: they perfectly prepared themselves to refight their last war. Victorious through a combination of tank-shock action and tactical airpower in the six-day war, the Israelis spurned complex electronic equipment, missiles, artillery, night-fighting equipment, all of which are bulky, complicated, expensive and were not necessary before. Instead, the Israelis chose to be "lean and mean," shunned the sophisticated weapons in favor of speed, fire power, reliability and bombload.

But the Egyptians had no intention of fighting the last battle again. Convinced they couldn't take on Israeli pilots in the air, they gambled on controlling the air above the battlefield with modern missiles. Convinced they'd be beaten by the Israelis in tank-to-tank battle, they gambled on knocking out Israeli tanks with sophisticated missiles. In doing this, they created the "mid-intensity battlefield," where electronic wizardry and precision weapons make it increasingly difficult for men and machines to live and fight. (Vietnam—where unarmed helicopters and observation planes can fly close to the enemy lines, where tanks are safe at night—is considered a low-intensity battlefield; the high-intensity battlefield includes nuclear weapons. The irony is that it was the Egyptians, the less technically oriented society, who opted for new weapons. Without an airforce, they control the air over the battlefield. Without tank battles, they destroy Israeli tanks.

According to the U.S. military men, here are some of the keys to Israel's plight to watch for in battlefield reports:

Night attacks: Up to this war, the Israelis owned the night. Through the first weeks of this one, the Egyptians owned it. Israeli intelligence should have anticipated this because Russian doctrine is high on night attack; Soviet combat units are heavy with night-fighting equipment, which Israel lacks. At night Egyptian soldiers bring up hand-carried anti-tank weapons and knock out Israeli tanks with infra-red or laser-guided missiles. These weapons are brand new in the history of warfare. And don't minimize their psychological effect. To be hit by an enemy you can't see is a terrifying experience.

Smoke: The Egyptians are protecting the Suez Canal bridges with smoke. If the Israelis had "precision weapons," the so-called "smart bombs" the U.S. used in Vietnam, they could see right through the smoke the way the U.S. did through clouds.

SAM 6: This is the mobile Russian anti-aircraft missile that's getting the publicity. Although early reports have suggested that the SAM 6 is only effective against low-flying aircraft, the SAM 6 actually is accurate from 100 feet to 40,000 feet and it can be set up to fire within five minutes. It's far more deadly than any of the missiles used by North Vietnam to protect Hanoi. And in Vietnam, the U.S. used complex electronics equipment, which again the Israelis lack, and still took heavy casualities from the simpler missiles. The SAM 6's are supplemented by strellas, hand-carried missiles for use against low-flying aircraft; the older models of this weapon were deadly in Vietnam. The Egyptians are also moving their older SAM 2's and 3's forward. Though it's supposed to take two to three weeks to move these missiles, the North Vietnamese moved them in days and the Egyptians are moving them up rapidly, too.

Apart from technology, the U.S. officers, and the Israelis, were surprised at the outset of the war by the excellence of the Egyptians' small units, by the fact that up to battalion level, roughly 800 men, the Egyptians were fighting well. As the war moved ahead, several critical questions were raised: How good is the Egyptian high command? Have the Russians shaken that up, too? Traditionally, the blunders of the generals never gave the Egyptian sergeants and lieutenants a chance to fight well. The other key question mark was Egyptian repair and maintenance, always weak in the past. Would the radar to guide the missiles and the trucks to carry the anti-tank weapons begin to wear out? Would the mid-intensity battlefield become less intense? The U.S. military men I interviewed believed that in time the "exchange ratio"—the weapon-for-weapon loss on each side, which in the first weeks was devastatingly against Israel—would start to shift in Israel's favor. But then what? If the Israelis survived the mid-intensity battlefield this time, what about next time? And what about the U.S. defense? All those tanks, fighters, fighter bombers and helicopters, all those weapons for a low-intensity war? In a mid-intensity battle, U.S. military men have been asking, would our weapons also be for the wrong war? ●

Special Contributor Hadley, the author of seven books, won awards for his coverage of the Korean and Vietnam wars.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT PRYOR

Me and my shadows: from Chicago to Watergate

The experiences of a man who was under surveillance five years

By Tom Hayden

It is by now confirmed that Watergate, as a mentality, is bi-partisan, stretching back to the start of the Cold War and finally becoming routine policy in the Justice Department of the Nixon Administration. I personally became a victim of Watergate tactics during the Johnson Administration, at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, which led to my indictment—and the indictments of the other "Chicago Eight"—by Nixon's Attorney General, John Mitchell. Beginning with the Chicago Convention, Watergate policies escalated until they reached an undoing, coincidentally, in the preparations for the '72 elections and, particularly, the '72 Republican Convention. The tale of the two conventions tells a lot about the Watergate mentality, pattern of operation and what might have happened if there had been no arrests the night of June 17, 1972.

The day before the Chicago Convention, I was awakened by a friend who came into my room nervously, saying, "There's a man outside with a gun." That got me up. We knew it was going to be rough, even thought we might get hurt or killed, and tried to fight off paranoid feelings that we could be arrested and taken away even before the convention began. I had been living in a relatively secure apartment house in Hyde Park, across the hall from some old friends, Dick and Mickey Flacks. The people in the building knew each other, were fairly settled, and Flacks, although controversial as an SDS founder, seemed comfortably based on the University of Chicago faculty. It had seemed pretty safe to me, but here I was learning in plain morning light there was a man with a gun at the door.

I never saw who he was because I went out a back window, over a wall and through a parking lot. When I got downtown to our office building and off the elevator, however, there was a frightening burly man waiting for me, just watching. I remember hoping he was *only* a cop, therefore responsible to some public body, and not a private hit man. I got into the office quickly, and looked for Rennie Davis. He was laughing, and asked, "You met yours?" Two cops had followed him to the office that morning, and told him they were "assigned" to him for the week. We never found out, even at our trial, what all the possibilities of their "assignment" were, but it was unprecedented in movement history. They proposed to follow us for Convention Week, at a distance of *about ten feet*! We went to the bathroom. They followed. We went to lunch, they sat at the next table. We drove to a meeting, they tailed. When they were close enough, they would make remarks about "getting us," or "arresting you every time you're in the streets." One of them, who arrested me twice during Convention Week, had a disturbing habit of losing his temper and starting to move at me, wild-eyed. Their names were Ralph Bell and Frank Riggio, special officers of the Chicago Police Department.

This treatment led to two arrests. Once, late at night in Lincoln Park, I wanted to shake Bell so I could go to sleep somewhere without him. The Park was full of shadowy freaks getting settled expectantly for the night, alongside huge numbers of plainclothes men. Bell and Riggio were bold enough to drive their car right into the park, get out and stalk around. To shake them off, someone let the air out of their tires, but I walked right into their arms in the dark and got pinned to the car. I thought they would really get me once we were in the car, but fortunately a crowd gathered and yelled until they released me. The next day, however, they came into the park with a police wagon, threw myself and another activist into it, and busted us for the tire incident. It was stupid for them because it gave credence to our charge that leadership would be swept away, and it caused a big demonstration at the jail. We got bailed out, and as I walked from the cell, a new tail was waiting. He had been assigned earlier, but couldn't find me until he heard I was in jail. I learned he had been the man with the gun at the house.

I was out a few hours before getting busted again. Rennie and I were with some friends—journalists and Eugene McCarthy people—and we tried to accompany them to their suite in the Conrad Hilton. The manager came over screaming, "Not them, not in here." We figured we'd better leave, and were crossing the street, pushed along by cops, when over my shoulder I sensed a lot of violence coming down. It was Bell, landing on me. He charged me later with spitting on him. We went to a police room, which held at least 25 cramped people on the floor, many with cuts on their heads. Some, I recall now, would turn into violent Weathermen within two years. The reasons were right there in that room. Different cops would come in to make announcements like, "I'm missing a good fuck to stay here tonight," and "I'd like to machine gun every one of you." Finally, after a lot of pressure, I was released on bail at about 4 a.m. When I left the police station, patrol cars followed me.

With two days of the convention left, I did not want to risk being arrested again and an idea started dawning: to go underground, get a disguise. In the years that followed, this became a common necessity among radicals taking to the streets, to elude police cameramen and provocateurs within crowds. But I'd never heard of anything like it, and it was difficult to tell how much of my decision was based on fantasy. Here I was deciding to adopt clandestine means to be part of a presumably constitutional protest. For all I know the harassment was an early, if not the first, police experiment in preventive measures that grew into 12,000 arrests at the Washington, D.C. peace demonstration in May, 1971 and plans for abduction

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This article by Tom Hayden, one of the founders of SDS, is his adaptation from his forthcoming book, This Is Our Time.

in 1972. What I do know is that my arresting officer told me his directives were to get as much evidence as possible to be used for indictments that were already planned.

We got indicted all right, but they never held us long in jail, and our trial turned against their interests because of the vast public sympathy we were able to generate. By the end of our trial, people were meeting to plan unconstitutional methods of controlling the growing level of protest and resistance. From those meetings evolved many plans and many groups, among them the men responsible for "security" at the 1972 Republican Convention.

One spring morning in 1971 I found my car with the windshield broken and four tires slashed. I was willing to believe it was vandalism in my Venice, Calif., neighborhood, but not when I found out it was starting to happen to others. That night I pulled my car way up the driveway of a friend's house in Santa Monica; the next morning my tires were slashed again, and so were those of my friends. That was the beginning of a constant harassment campaign with tires cut and windows broken in the cars belonging to about 50 Los Angeles movement people. It was the beginning of right-wing plans to attack those planning for the 1972 Republican Convention.

We soon discovered the "vandalism" was the work of some elements of the Criminal Conspiracy Section (CCS) of the L.A. Police Department—the "red squad," one of the biggest and best-established in the U.S., with vast outreach throughout California. The operations of this group were based in the "glass house," a huge metal-and-glass structure without any identifying signs in downtown L.A. The members of this squad drove used cars with out-of-state plates and parked them outside our houses and offices, photographed and stared at us at rallies, delighted in heckling us by our first names, which they memorized from their dossiers. My landlord would always come by to inform me when the police or FBI visited to ask him questions; the bank clerk would do the same. One day some movement activists wrote down the license plate number of a CCS team which was cutting tires, then drove down to the CCS parking lot, found and photographed the car—but CCS men rushed out and confiscated the camera.

Even then, in the summer of 1971, there was heavy awareness of a coming showdown with the Republicans. Their convention was scheduled to be held in San Diego, and California alone was capable of turning out many more demonstrators than came to Chicago in 1968. San Diego officials seemed even more reactionary toward protest than Mayor Daley.

I was part of a group trying to put together an anti-war exhibition for the convention. Although the planning for protest was entirely in the hands of the local San Diego Convention Coalition, the prospect of action was already attracting national interest in the anti-war movement. The Yippies looked forward to coming, and both Jerry and Abbie passed through town to be photographed and make statements. Rennie set out what he called an "election year strategy" of campaigning around the war, which would be climaxed with demonstrations in San Diego.

The police harassment was accompanied that summer by an important development, the decision by a black L.A. police informer, Louis Tackwood, to quit and tell all. At first, a small group of movement investigators checked him out carefully, suspicious he was a double-agent, then he gave interviews to the press which carried some one-shot stories. Tackwood was making statements that few would then believe. He said he was part of a secret squad, assigned to San Diego, that planned to create violence at the convention to provoke a martial-law situation. In the event of a martial-law situation, Tackwood said, Governor Reagan's Attorney General would then direct a round-up of the demonstrators and, possibly, President Nixon would declare a "national emergency" to stage raids against radicals all over the country. The planners of the operation were higher-up, Tackwood related, known to him only by the code-names "White" and "Martin." Two years later, *The Washington Post* reported that James McCord used the code name Edward J. Martin.

In the summer of '71, too, G. Gordon Liddy and James McCord were brought together in the Committee to Re-Elect the President. "At first," *The New York Times* has reported, "they chatted about the dangers posed by the demonstrators at the Republican National Convention in San Diego." McCord was to become Convention Security Chief after having handled security for the CIA complex in Langley, Va. Liddy was General Counsel to CREEP, busy drawing up plans and rallying cadré to carry them out in San Diego.

Meanwhile, in San Diego, Donald Segretti, using the alias Donald Simmons, apparently was visiting the Gunsmoke Ranch in El Cajon. There, one could find, along with other San Diego area residents, members of the Secret Army Organization (SAO) busy at target practice. SAO is a clandestine, fascist, terrorist ring, which operated rather freely in southern California until 1972. It had its own post office box and printed its own literature, which threatened death to radicals. One of SAO's favorite tactics was to send stickers bearing a cross-hairs symbol to warn people they were being targeted. According to *The Door,* a newspaper based in San

"You grow weary of worrying about danger to yourself after a near-generation of death"

Diego, the SAO was committed to wiping out demonstrators coming to the San Diego convention, and Segretti, as Simmons, sat in on one conversation along these lines at El Cajon. The SAO could carry out activities that neither the FBI nor the Administration felt legally able to do itself.

For instance, on January 6, 1972, an SAO car rolled to a stop at the house in San Diego where most of the movement's convention organizers lived. At the wheel was Howard Berry Godfrey, an FBI informer planted in the SAO. From the car, someone aimed a pistol at the lighted window where three young radicals stood. The window was screened because of an earlier incident when live fragmentation grenades had been rolled into the room where people slept. The gun was fired at the figures in the light, and the shot pierced the elbow of Paula Tharp.

G. Gordon Liddy at this time was drawing up his graphic charts for presentation to John Mitchell, Jeb Magruder and John Dean in the Attorney General's office. On January 27, he presented the plans which have been described in the Senate hearings by Magruder and Dean. According to Dean's testimony, as reported by *The New York Times* on June 26, 1973, "Plans called for mugging squads, kidnapping teams, prostitutes to compromise the opposition, and electronic surveillance. He explained that the mugging squad could, for example, rough up demonstrators that were causing problems. The kidnapping teams could remove demonstration leaders and take them below the Mexican border."

These schemes have been scoffed at, both in the Senate hearings and in the media. Attempts have been made to make Liddy appear aberrant and extreme, a kind of madman one tolerated but gave no responsibility. Yet, Liddy was not dismissed from his job for proposing kidnappings, muggings, provocations and seductions, and one month later, on February 4, he was back in the Attorney General's office with a "revised" plan, including the proposal for a break-in at Watergate.

In San Diego, meanwhile, Donald Segretti was trying to hire student agents for the convention. In March, under the alias Donald Simmons, Segretti met with a 30-year-old San Diego State student, at the U.S. Grant Hotel. A *New York Times* reporter later interviewed the student and was told, "One thing Segretti said stood out in my mind. He told me that if I located any troublemakers, they could be 'gotten rid of.' I asked him what he meant, and he said, 'They could be sent out of town for a limited period of time.' "

Howard Berry Godfrey, the FBI informer within the Secret Army Organization (SAO), was still in San Diego, too, talking about dropping nausea gas on the demonstration, and about kidnapping. The discussions were about taking off Peter Bohmer, Paula Tharp, Jerry Rubin (who'd been speaking about going to San Diego), and myself. Some of us would be castrated in the desert.

Castrated in the desert: what a place to end up. I keep re-thinking the words and searching for a proper response. Little comes forward, some would say, because the notion is too much to comprehend, too fantastic. But perhaps the opposite is true: there's not much to say because it's all been said before. You grow weary of worrying about danger to yourself after a near-generation of death. The first time I was beaten up was in Mississippi in 1961. Then it was a shock, like meeting invaders from another world. Then it steadily became clear that these "invaders" were my own countrymen, the violence was here in my own world.

We do not know what would have happened if the arrests at Watergate on June 17, 1972, had not occurred. By then, the Republican Convention had been moved to Miami Beach, and William Lemmer (the VVAW infiltrator who would become the star witness against the Gainesville vets) had switched direction from San Diego to Miami. A Boston University graduate student, Barbara Stocking, has testified that she rode with Lemmer to Miami in May, 1972: "He said that I should not go to the Miami Conventions because, he said, all of the VVAW leaders were going to be picked up and taken out of circulation . . . He and some other people were going to shoot leaders of the New Left, and start a riot . . . and everyone would be arrested. He said he had a source of unlimited funds to carry this out, and would go into hiding afterwards and leave the country."

With the arrests of the men attempting to bug Democratic National Headquarters, of course, several of the prime conspirators for Miami were caught in a most embarrassing position. So the most violent version of the 1972 campaign never happened. But it was not necessary. Even without the Miami scheme being realized, those in support of the Watergate mentality had gained much during the four years since the Chicago indictment. The trials that began with ours caused a widespread paranoia. With the stakes rising, fewer people were willing to take risks of demonstrating, an embattled underground consciousness grew among a minority and factionalism was accelerated.

Part of the Watergate Administration's success, however, was due to lack of public awareness of the repression. Those of us who were initially indicted are now free and some of those who indicted us have now been indicted themselves, and both developments have occurred because more and more Americans have become aware of the danger to their constitutional rights. Radicals have long been accused of paranoia, of indulgence in conspiracy theories. Now, with the shadow of Watergate reaching far beyond the radicals, I keep thinking that perhaps this "paranoia" will be so widely shared that it will become common sense. Living in fear may be crippling at first, but people who can overcome fear of authority have a proud future. ●

An "insult" to an assistant U.S. Attorney set off the digging into Spiro's past

How the Agnew case broke open... and other revelations from the back rooms of Baltimore

By J. Anthony Lukas

The investigation that ended with Vice President Agnew's resignation began with what the prosecutors regarded as a provocative insult. A well-placed source tells this story:

On the fourth floor of Baltimore's pigeon-splattered Federal Courthouse one day toward the end of May, a young lawyer named Joseph Kaplan was conferring with an assistant United States Attorney. Kaplan was trying to find a way out of a tight legal corner for his client, Lester Matz, an engineer suspected of bribing Baltimore County officials. Abruptly, Kaplan said:

"Mr. Matz, of course, has information about Vice President Agnew which, of course, I assume you don't want to hear about or pursue. . . ."

"What do you mean? How can you say that?" the government lawyer is said to have responded.

"Well, I assumed that since (George) Beall (the U.S. Attorney) is a Republican he wouldn't want to hear something about a Republican Vice President . . ."

"Well, you're wrong. That's an insult to George and an insult to this office. Go back and tell your client that we want his information whether it's on Agnew or the Pope."

Although the Federal investigation into corruption in Baltimore County had begun in the fall of 1972, Kaplan's remark was the first indication that there might be hard evidence available against the Vice President. Before that, all the investigators had heard were veiled hints about payoffs to county officials during Agnew's tenure as county executive, from 1963 to 1966 (which would have been beyond the Statute of Limitations). So Kaplan's words were titillating as well as insulting.

But nothing much happened until June 4 when William Fornoff, the former county administrator, unexpectedly pleaded guilty to a minor tax charge and agreed to cooperate with the prosecutors.

Matz felt sure that some of Fornoff's information would concern him. So, the next morning, Kaplan called the U.S. Attorney's office and said that "in the national interest" Matz felt he should tell the prosecutors about Agnew.

That very day, discussions began about the conditions under which Matz—and Jerome Wolff, another engineer suspected of bribery—would tell the investigators what they knew about Agnew. After a letter spelling out these terms was exchanged and signed by all parties, the prosecutors began hearing the remarkable story of payoffs to Agnew, including some in envelopes which landed on the Vice Presidential desk.

Later, Allen Green, another engineer, and I.H. Hammerman, an investment banker, were induced to tell their part of the Agnew tale. A source close to the investigation says that in persuading such men to talk about Agnew, the prosecutors used a powerful metaphor which went something like this:

"There's a boat at the dock. It's about to leave. People are going on board, but nobody knows how much room is left or how long the boat will be in port. At the moment, we're in a position to offer you a seat on the boat, but we don't know how long we can make that offer. Who knows, the boat could pull out tomorrow."

The men on the dock usually got the meassage—that the Government was prepared to offer only so much in exchange for information—and they scrambled on board the Good Ship Immunity.

"They use the boat bit now, eh? Well, Republicans have boats. I always talked about the train in the station," says Steve Sachs, the Democrat who George Beall succeeded as U.S. Attorney.

Until Beall brought down Agnew, Sachs had the office record for nabbing public officials: Senator Daniel Brewster; Congressmen Tom Johnson of Maryland and John Dowdy of Texas; Speaker of the Maryland House, A. Gordon Boone. Sachs attributes the lengthening list of Maryland politicians indicated or convicted for malfeasance in office not to some special venality or corruption in Maryland life but to an unusually aggressive U.S. Attorney's office dating back to Joseph Tydings' investigations of the savings-and-loan industry in 1961.

"Most U.S. Attorneys are political hacks afraid of tramping on political toes. They tend to be roomates of U.S. Senators or their former law partners. (Beall, of course, is the brother of U.S. Senator J. Glenn Beall.) But here in Maryland we have established a tradition of a nonpo-

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litical office. We don't regard ourselves as barristers, lawyers for the agencies. We're investigators who go around picking up rocks and looking under them."

Sachs says the techniques used by Beall in the Agnew case have long been standard in the Baltimore office. "Our motto used to be 'deal up,' start with a pipsqueak and build information toward the big guys through selective use of immunity. There used to be a lot of gallows humor around the office about drawing up a coat of arms which would have 'deal up' in Latin—I don't know, 'dealum upum'—with a stool pigeon on a field of yellow.

"The public has the idea that these political cases are hard to make because they involve big names," Sachs continues. "Actually, they aren't that hard at all. Not taking anything away from George—he did a hell of a job—but the fact is that politicians, businessmen, investment bankers, engineers, these guys don't hold up under pressure the way gangsters do.

"The real crook is a stand-up guy. He'll go to jail with his mouth shut. He's been there before and knows how to do time. He's not ashamed of it because where he comes from it's not a social stigma. What's more, he has a real fear of physical retaliation if he does talk.

"But none of that applies to these choir boys. These businessmen and engineers who go to cocktail parties and country clubs, who come home to a wife and children who think they're paragons of virtue, they're terrified of jail—as much because of what it stands for as because of the experience itself. I've had guys sit in my office and break into tears at the very *shame* of it all. So they'll do anything to avoid it."

When I was the city hall reporter of the Baltimore *Sun* in the early '60s, the city was a pretty crooked place, as it had been for years since the great paving scandals. City Councilmen were bought by proponents of legislation; Zoning Board members were bought by developers; Liquor Board members were bought by proprietors on The Block, that notorious bastion of American burlesque. Editorial writers thundered with indignation at the manipulations of "Big Jack" Pollack, a former light-heavyweight boxer who was said to be the "boss" of Northwest Baltimore. Rural Marylanders justified their disproportionate control of the legislature on the grounds that they had to protect the state against that "sinkhole of corruption"—Baltimore.

My favorite story during my stint at the Hall was when I caught "Little Phil" Goodman, the City Council President, using his influence to force through a liquor license for a Playboy Club on the edge of the city's historic Mount Vernon Place. Goodman had walked brazenly into a wholesale druggist's—whose protest was helping to block the license—and warned him that unless he withdrew his objection he would lose his lucrative business with municipal hospitals. Yardley, the *Sun*'s great cartoonist, drew one to go with my story depicting a naked Goodman on a bear rug as "Baltimore's Playmate of the Month." Henceforth "Little Phil" was known as "Bunny" Goodman and, when he dared appear in public, pranksters even tossed carrots at him.

But compared to Baltimore County—which is so rife with scandal these days that even its prosecutor is facing the fascinating charge of "carnal bribery"—Baltimore city looks relatively

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ABRAMSON

As local papers headlined the resignation, the Baltimore investigation continued.

clean. Some of this may be attributed to the city's new Mayor, Donald Shaefer, who is as colorless as the local clam broth and widely reputed to be honest.

But the real reason for the ironic reversal of roles between city and county is the staggering growth of the county of late—it has more than doubled in population since 1950. This means acres of new tract housing which need sewer, water and highway connections; towering apartment buildings which require rezoning; highways and bridges which must have engineering consultants and architects. The Internal Revenue Service squad, whose probing of Montgomery, Prince Georges and Baltimore counties paved the way for the Agnew investigation, operated on the assumption that where the action is, the payoffs are sure to follow. They were right.

Now the same team is said to be looking at Anne Arundel, the melifluous but equally go-go county to the south. Indictments are widely expected there, too, and Joe Alton, the county executive, seems convinced one will be coming his way. "I'll never be convicted of bribery or extortion," he told reporters the other day. "But I'm no paragon of virtue and if they (investigators) want to, they can find something that you've done that constitutes an indictable offense." But Alton wasn't telling just what that might be.

While he was delivering his strange *mea culpa*, we were getting another indication of how things operate in old Anne Arundel. On October 2, Alton and four of his department heads were taken for a day-long cruise on the Chesapeake Bay (including lunch at the Crab Claw Restaurant) by W. Francis Roesler, a county contractor. Asked about this by reporters, Roesler said, "I don't have to tell you a thing because its none of your damn business." Alton said, "I go where I goddamn well please. I don't answer any questions about it and I haven't since I left my mother." One week later, Alton named Roesler to the county's Planning Advisory Board.

When the scandals first broke this summer and invariably seemed to involve upwardly mobile operators from the counties, there were some Old Baltimoreans who looked knowingly along the bar at the Maryland Club and said "Well, what did you expect." Indeed, when the Government's 40-page "criminal information" came out, some noted that virtually every name in it, except Agnew's, was Jewish. It became fashionable here to say that this was a scandal of pushy people, like Agnew, who were just trying to move too far too quickly.

So the Old Baltimoreans were stunned last week when stories began appearing implicating probably the most establishmentarian establishments in the city. The Government document mentioned cash payments from "one financial institution in return for a lucrative arrangement with the State involving the financing of certain State bonds." Several newspaper stories suggested that this institution was Alex. Brown & Sons, an investment banking house which received a $220 million state bond issue from the Agnew administration in 1968. The firm had handled many previous bond issues, but for the first time in 1968 it had a local bond counsel, the firm of White, Mindel and Clark. A member of that firm was George W. White Jr., Agnew's personal lawyer and manager of his Vice-Presidential campaign.

The firm denies the slightest impropriety. But the very mention of its name was enough to shake the foundations of whatever is left of the Baltimore aristocracy. Alex. Brown & Sons, founded in 1800, is the oldest private banking house on the continent. Its present home of weathered brick and Italian marble is the only building in the financial district to have withstood the Baltimore fire of 1904. The firm is tied in multiferious ways with Baltimore's inner circle: its managing partner has one brother who is board chairman of the Maryland National Bank and another who is a Federal Judge. (A Presbyterian minister, grateful for the family's charity, once prayed: "God, give us more Browns!") An historian writing on the company's 125th anniversary said, "with all its great resources, it is the untarnished honor of the firm which is at once its most highly and jealously guarded asset."

Six hours after submitting his resignation, Agnew and six members of his family went to dinner at Sabatino's, a favorite hangout of politicians and newspapermen in the heart of "Little Italy" on Baltimore's waterfront. Agnew, a regular patron, had his usual: linguini with white clam sauce and Valpolicella. Two Secret Service men stood guard on the street outside, two more at the bottom of the stairs and two more upstairs in the wood-paneled room where the Agnews dined under a pair of crossed swords. The head-waiter recalls: "He's a strange man. He never shows what he feels. I've seen him hundreds of times, but he always gives me the same little smile. That night he walks in and it's the same little smile again. I know he's hurtin' terrible inside and I want to say something. But what do you say to that little smile?"

Another eating establishment long identified with Agnew is Chick's and Ruth's on Main street in Annapolis. There last week the "V-P Agnew Sandwich"—ham, bacon and turkey on toast triangles—was changed to the "V-P Sandwich." But it was still selling well. Said Chick: "We've still got a good sandwich. Now all we need is a good vice president to go with it."

And in Baltimore's Greek community everybody seemed to be telling the same old proverb last week. It goes:

"Do you know how to steal?
Yes.
Do you know how to hide?
No.
Then you don't know how to steal."●

Advertisement

FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN REVIEWS

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1973

TV Review

World War II Series Slated for Channel 9

By JOHN J. O'CONNOR

"The World at War," produced by Jeremy Isaacs for Britain's Thames Television, is an unusually ambitious project devoting 26 hour-long episodes to a factual documentation and analysis of World War II. It is also unusual in other ways.

Although the series is still in production, it is being offered for syndication in the United States and so far has been sold to stations in 20 cities. In the New York City area, beginning this Sunday, "The World at War" will be presented on WOR-TV (Channel 9) on Sundays at 7 P.M. Meantime, it won't be shown in England, on the commercial channel in prime time, until late October.

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Each episode, narrated by Lord Olivier, is written by an expert in the particular phase of the story being covered. The "chief historical adviser" is Dr. Noble Frankland, director of the Imperial War Museum in London. Films, some never publicly screened, have been obtained not only from news organizations but also from the governments involved, most of whom had a corps of photographers to record their side of the story.

The first episode, "Germany, 1933-39," brilliantly traces the rise and brazen march to power of Adolf Hitler. Under the National Socialists, the "new Germany" is seen suspending all civil liberties, rounding up all "enemies" — Socialists, Communists, unconvinced journalists — and beginning its campaign against the Jews.

The rest of the world may have thought, as Lord Olivier reminds the viewer, that the Nazis were "a little absurd here, perhaps a little excessive there," but there was no widespread alarm.

It's a frightening story, still almost beyond comprehension. But this episode relentlessly documents the shocking visual evidence: the 1933 Christmas tree dominated by a giant swastika; the shiny new autobahns with their Fascist message of "strength through joy"; the gigantic rallies raised through hysterical idolatry into "a mass religious ceremony"; Eva Braun's home movies and their obscene parody celebration of the good bourgeois life; the glorification of the state to a level of all-powerful, even almighty.

The films and photographs are supplemented with comments from contemporary figures, from statesmen and military leaders to civilian bystanders. Some civilian Germans in the first episode are only identified by name but, as the series progresses, their roles in the war will be fully disclosed.

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The series is likely, understandably, to be dominated by a British point of view. The United States doesn't enter the war until episode seven. And certain historical details will undoubtedly be challenged. Most of the ability to "shock," the producers feel, will be limited to the result of being as objective as possible, to forcing the viewer into realizing his enemies were indeed only human beings.

Obviously, a 26-part series cannot be evaluated on the basis of one episode. That episode, however, written by Neal Ascherson, of The London Observer, is superb. If the level holds, "The World at War" could provide some of the most significant television of the year.

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For the man who isn't a

The Wide-Track people have a way with cars.

afraid to look like he spent more than he did.

Profiteering in poison blood

By Thomas Thompson

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL EPPRIDGE/*STILLIFE*

"There is a good chance that the blood transfusion that saves your life this afternoon can kill you later on"

Large Marge, who once wrestled tag team matches in Texas and Louisiana, threw City Lights out of her bar about 1:45 a.m. the other night because he was hollering, cussing and knocking over his beer bottle. City Lights, so named for his habit of sleeping on rooftops in the skid row section of downtown Los Angeles, protested feebly. But since he is past 60 and weighs about 112 pounds and is full, principally of Thunderbird wine, and since Large Marge weighs 240 pounds and is full, principally of chocolate-covered cherries and Big Mac hamburgers, it was no contest. Anyway, the lady would forget and let the gentleman back in her graces. Large Marge always did, in a day or two.

Briefly, City Lights nursed the beery notion of finding a cop and soliciting a drunk-and-disorderly arrest to pass the remainder of the chilly autumn night in jail. But his friend Whiplash, so named because he had once earned $650 in a lawsuit and now constantly dreamed of getting a taxi license so he could have a really important automobile accident, had spread the word that a municipal court judge was getting rough on winos, sentencing them to 30 days, if not 90. There was no way that City Lights could cope with 30 days' abstinence. The invisible creatures would start to crawl on his flesh within 48 hours, and the voices would torment him soon after that. Wisely, he climbed on top of a pawn shop and found a corner of the roof on which to pass out, his head resting comfortably on wadded-up sections of the Los Angeles *Times*.

Near dawn he awoke and remembered what he planned to do. Hurriedly he descended from the roof and got in line at the blood bank. Already six of his friends were there, waiting for the facility to open at 6 a.m., the early hour in accommodation of a man needing a drink. City Lights was a little nervous, for he had sold blood somewhere else five weeks earlier and the phosphorescent dye applied to the cuticle of his fingernail was supposed to be still visible to a trained eye. The reason blood banks apply this dye is to keep blood sellers from coming back too soon. At least eight weeks must pass between blood sales, the rule goes, and no more than five pints a year can be drained from a man's arm. But on skid row there are ways around most things, and a Mexican—for 15¢—had rubbed what he said was diluted battery acid on City Lights' cuticle. Now it was sore and a little inflamed, but City Lights felt reasonably confident the dye would not betray him. If questioned, he planned to say the mission door slammed on his hand.

The ritual was familiar. The blood bank attendant, sleepy and a little surly—skid row is not the most enchanting place to be at six in the morning—droned out the questions.

"Name?"

City Lights answered with the name of a man who had once given blood but had long ago left town. First time donors get $5 for RH positive blood, $7 for RH negative. But repeaters get $10 and $12, respectively, blood banks being vitally interested in keeping a steady clientele.

"Have you ever had skin diseases—diabetes-tuberculosis-syphilis-hepatitis—

Contributing Editor Thompson first probed the inside of American medicine in Hearts, *his book on open-heart surgery.*

Toward dawn, a man arrives to sell a pint of blood on skid row in Los Angeles.

been in the hospital in the last six months. . ." The chant seemed not unlike that of a tobacco auctioneer.

City Lights shook his aching head quickly.

"Any allergies?"

"I get drunk now and then."

"I suppose that's not really an allergy. Put your hands under this light."

The attendant gestured toward a black light spilling out a circle of purple on the desk. City Lights obeyed. His nails, grimy and gnarled with dirt and age, showed grey-black.

"Okay," said the attendant. "Over there." City Lights endured the quick stab for an anemia test, then moved to a back room where the heavy-set nurse put down her coffee and her movie magazine and with great boredom drew a pint of blood from his arm.

By 6:45 a.m. City Lights was on the street, two crisp $5 bills in his pocket, the world as rosy as the morning sun, the saloons preparing to open. After a heart starter or two, he might even feel chipper enough to walk over to the central business district and buy a discount gallon of wine at Thrifty Drug.

By mid-morning, the blood of City Lights and the other forgotten men was picked up by a truck and delivered to a laboratory where it underwent modern but considerably less than perfect testing for hepatitis, the life-threatening liver disease. The virus which causes serum hepatitis, most severe and dangerous of the varieties of hepatitis, dwells in blood.

By nightfall, the blood of City Lights was probably transfused. It could have gone to a Beverly Hills matron who was bleeding in the intensive care unit of a society hospital after her gall bladder removal, or to the child undergoing emergency midnight surgery after the Dacron patch covering the hole in his heart had torn loose.

It is one of the supreme ironies of 20th century American medicine that the blood of a man whom you would quickly turn away from your backdoor can very well be flowing in your veins someday. There is a good chance that his blood may save your life this afternoon, but kill you later on. I write these words with a special quality of rage—because it almost happened to me. In one of the nation's most modern, most highly respected and frightfully expensive hospitals, a pint of blood was administered to me during or following minor surgery, and within a year, my life was endangered by serum hepatitis. They say I am all right now after a tedious battle with the disease, but my anger remains. On some nights I lie in bed and think that if I could find the anonymous man who sold his blood to contaminate mine, I would either mop up the nearest sidewalk with him, or give him enough money for a lifetime supply of wine—so he would not need to do it again. There must be a better way for an affluent society to handle its desperate men than to commerce in their blood.

In recent months I have learned much about the business of blood. The statistics are surprising. Blood is, for example, a half-*billion*-dollar-a-year enterprise in the United States, making it one of the nation's major industries. If Blood Incorporated were on the *Fortune* Magazine list of the 500 largest corporations, it would rank 260th, fitting neatly between Levi Strauss and Warner Communications. Almost nine million pints a year are collected from donors. About 85 percent is voluntarily given to the Red Cross or to nonprofit community and hospital blood banks. There is less risk of hepatitis among donated blood. One reason is that the free giver has no cause to lie about disease in his past. Another is that his economic conditions give him a better way of life, better medical care, and less exposure to serum hepatitis. But the other 15 percent—the most troublesome—comes from people who must sell it, most of whom are the spiritual cousins of City Lights.

The U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare estimates that 17,000 new cases of serum hepatitis are transmitted yearly to unsuspecting patients from contaminated blood. Perhaps another 100,000 cases yearly crop up later

on, or go undetected forever. Some people live with hepatitis for years, the disease smoldering in their livers. They do not recognize its symptoms, passing off their weariness and malaise—and eventual death—to something else.

Not until this spring was a new and expensive test put into effect to better detect hepatitis in blood. Called radioimmunoassay, or RIA, the test takes from 24 to 36 hours and at maximum effectiveness can screen out only 30 percent of blood carrying hepatitis. Before RIA, which is used by the Red Cross and other progressive blood banks, there was a test called Counter Electrophoresis, or CEP. This takes only about an hour, and is, to use the words of one New York doctor, "about as reliable as using spit for glue." Researchers are trying to find better ways to determine quickly if blood carries hepatitis, but as of today, there is still an enormous amount of diseased blood slipping through. One medical study indicated that 25 percent of open-heart surgical patients were getting, while having their cardiac defects repaired, a little bonus . . . the bonus being hepatitis from blood transfusions.

Certainly, blood transfusion is a necessary and often noble act in medicine. Since the first recorded transfusion in the 17th century—a doctor unsuccessfully gave a dying youngster sheep's blood—millions of lives have been saved by rushing in blood given or sold by another human being. But today the business, particulary in America, is rank with profiteering and human misery. Recently a thriving industry existed in which American companies were drawing the blood of impoverished Haitians and South Americans, extracting its plasma, and bringing it to the United States for sale. In Haiti, the donor was given about $2. Up here, it was resold for prices upwards of $60 a pint, making it almost as profitable as heroin.

The Columbian government announced in June that it was shutting down several hundred commercial blood banks in that country which specialized in export. "The state of most of these private clinics is deplorable," said a Columbian official. One 22-year-old Bogata man sold three pints of his blood to the same clinic in less than three weeks whereupon he collapsed and, not surprisingly, died—of acute anemia.

Importing blood plasma from places like Haiti can be almost as profitable as trading in heroin

An incensed California doctor appealed to HEW to ban such importation. Elliott Richardson, who was then the head of HEW agreed, and before he was promoted to Secretary of Defense, he laid the plan to shut off the flow of Haitian blood. "HEW says the matter is now under investigation," says the California doctor. At least *somebody* is investigating it. A truck driver told an HEW official of picking up a shipment of Haitian blood in Florida, driving to New England, where he filled the rest of his truck with lobsters, and motoring cross country to the West Coast where the plasma was delivered to a laboratory for processing and distribution to hospitals.

A three-way feud has long festered in the U.S. among the principal sources of blood—Red Cross, non-profit community volunteer banks, and the commercial ones who pay donors. It may come as a surprise to some people that the Red Cross' major activity is not giving blankets to disaster victims or teaching first aid; it is the massive collection of blood. In Los Angeles county alone, the Red Cross last year amassed 213,000 pints, and its goal this year is 270,000. This is chiefly accomplished by sending in mobile blood units to industries and persuading working men to donate.

"We lose money on the program," says a Red Cross spokesman in Los Angeles, "but we are, after all, a non-profit organization and there is no doubt that volunteer blood is safer for the patient than that which is purchased by commercial banks."

Presently, there are 16 bills pending in the United States Congress and scores more in state legislatures which, in effect, seek to put the business of blood collecting solely on a volunteer basis. Cries of outrage have predictably risen from the commercial blood banks who have banded together in a lobby to fight city hall. One such fellow in southern California warns that darkest disaster and death will sweep the country if he and his cohorts are shut down.

"The Red Cross and the volunteer banks simply cannot meet the need," he says. He is a young man around 30, with longish hair for a man in a quasi-medical business. He has the manner of a Southern "good old boy" and the belly to go with it. On his desk is a plaque with his name and a long string of initials and parantheses after them, these being testimony of assorted paramedical experience. The last two initials are "B.B." and when a visitor asks their meaning, he replies with a wink, "Officially they mean blood bank, but I like to say they mean 'doctor in big boobs.'" He says that the situation in his industry is "too hot" to use his real name, so we will call him Billy Bob.

"I know a town where there's only one blood bank, a volunteer kind, and its just tough shit for the patients," says Billy Bob. "You're flat ass out of luck if you're in, say, an automobile accident and they don't have your blood type. It happens! Man, does it ever happen! Sure, the national blood picture is a mess. And sure, in our organization there are some quick reachers, a few pigs who give the rest of us a bad name. But if you shake any closet hard enough, a few skeletons are going to

fall out. We supply 35 percent of the blood in our country. Shut our doors and there's going to be a lot of unnecessary dying."

Billy Bob has powerful allies. Surprisingly, they include many respected physicians. One of them is Dr. E.R. Jennings, chief of pathology for a Long Beach, Calif., hospital, and a national figure in his field. He is a gruff, bald eagle of a doctor, the kind who no doubt terrifies medical students.

Dr. Jennings insists that paid donors are not only needed, they are vital. "It is dead wrong to say that all paid donors are bad risks because of hepatitis, etc. To that, I say bullshit! Are we going to exclude medical students and nurses? And what about the fellow over here with the very rare blood type who gets a lot of money for it? Is he suddenly going to stop needing that money and turn altruistic and give it away? I do regret that we are forced to use the blood of a skid row bum who lives in flophouses where viral conditions are epidemic. But we must take him. We will vigorously oppose any law that prohibits paid blood donors! We will also oppose vigorously any law which demands that blood be labeled as coming from either volunteer sources or paid donors."

Here, Dr. Jennings raises one of the most controversial issues among doctors. In Illinois, a new law requires that all blood be brightly marked with red and yellow signs that indicate where it came from. Patients are learning to tell their doctors that, should the need for blood arise, they want the safer-donated blood. Doctors don't like this law because it leaves them wide open for malpractice suits, if a patient gets hepatitis from skid row blood, when there was no donated blood available.

The most fanatical doctor in the country on the subject of bought blood is a Stanford University surgeon named J. Garrell Allen who has spent three decades trying to convince his profession that skid row blood is dangerous and deadly. "I ran a blood bank for the University of Chicago Hospital for 20 years," he explains, "and my guilt was enormous. My conscience ached. I kept thinking, 'This isn't fair to the patient.' We used a lot of prison blood and it was loaded with disease. We ran a study and we found that we would have gotten rid of 90 percent of our serum hepatitis cases had we used volunteer blood. I'll be damned if I want to receive blood which carries *11 times* the risk of volunteer blood."

> "I ran a blood bank for 20 years," says a doctor, "and my conscience ached, my guilt was enormous"

Dr. Allen shoots down every one of the arguments against outlawing commercial blood. A desperate shortage? Less of a shortage than mismanagement, he claims. Twenty-five percent of the nine million pints collected each year are wasted and must be poured down drains into city sewer systems because its life expired. Blood can only be kept for 21 days before it is useless. Better techniques of preserving blood are being researched.

Dr. Allen also accuses his colleagues everywhere of using too much blood. "Doctors don't like to get up in the middle of the night and come to the hospital when one of their patients develops a problem, so they tell the nurse to give blood. It's an easy way to go back to sleep—for the doctor." Moreover, surgeons—the superstars of American medicine—not only do too many operations (twice as many proportionately as in Europe), they use too much blood. "Halstead, the great pioneer surgeon, did more than 100 radical mastectomies and no blood was transfused. Now, there are probably a dozen such operations done each day in Los Angeles with at least two dozen blood transfusions."

I went looking the other day for City Lights. There was an article in the paper about a mother in Miami who ventured alone 20 times into her city's skid row, offering to buy shots of whisky for the men there if they would give blood for her two hemophiliac sons. She was more than 1,000 pints in debt at the blood bank, and was, to use her word, "desperate." Now there was a common denominator between her and the men of this street.

Somehow, I wanted to share the story with City Lights and see what he thought of it. There was a feistiness to the old man, a hint of character not totally destroyed by his condition and his rooftops. It also occurred to me that one positive step in the blood war might be to allow commercial banks to keep operating, but force them to move away from the lower depths of town. If a blood bank were located in a middle-class neighborhood 30 blocks from skid row, the derelict men would rarely, if ever, make the journey.

I looked up and down East Fifth Street, but nobody knew where the slight, bent former house-painter had gone. Large Marge said she hoped he had fallen asleep under a truck and if I found him to let him know that he still owed her $1.15. Whiplash suggested that maybe Sarge, a toothless black man who lived at the Delux Hotel (beds $1 a night) might know. Sarge did know. Bleary, primed with my two-dollar offering, Sarge revealed that City Lights had gotten cold. "His bones ached. He took out for either San Diego or Phoenix, I don't rightly know which."

Will he be back?

"Oh I suspect as how he will. City Lights wanders off now and then, but he always comes back. This here's home. He'll go somewheres and wipe a few windshields and sleep on warm rooftops. But I know he won't stay long in Phoenix. They don't buy blood in Phoenix."●

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JILL FREEDMAN

What, you may wonder, is Steeler halfback Frenchy Fuqua up to?

He's lookin' for a dress-off, chump

By Alfonso X. Donalson

Make no mistake about it, John "Frenchy" Fuqua is one bad mother on and off the football field. Although he is usually upstaged by guys like O.J. Simpson, Larry Csonka and his own Pittsburgh Steeler teammate Franco Harris, Frenchy is one of the National Football League's better running backs, a man who will get you an average gain of four and a half yards every time he carries the ball. And after the game is over, Frenchy is rarely, if ever, upstaged. He takes over and struts his stuff in his own superbad funky world of the hip, the fantasy, the put-on, the cool broads and—most of all—the superfly clothes. This is the world where Frenchy, the high priest of NFL *haute couture*, reigns supreme. Where he is always to be found TCB'ing (takin' care of business, an old ghetto phrase which originally meant to copulate; Frenchy has broadened the language on that one).

After the game is over, the man who is also variously known as The Count, The Frenchman and Count Frenchy eases himself behind his outasight ride, a Mark IV, and cruises his turf: The 2001 Club near Three Rivers Stadium on Pittsburgh's North Side, Walt Harper's Attic or Buddies downtown, and the Aurora Club or Crawford's Grill in the city's predominately black Hill District. And when The Frenchman makes his grand entrance in one of these places, the show stops. Everyone wants to take a peek at his threads.

Will he have on one of his pink or purple or fuchsia knits, one of his flowing robes, one of his floor-length capes, one of his black or white eye patches, his skintight lavender jump suit, his knee-high white buccaneer boots or his Three Musketeer hat with three ostrich plumes? There is one thing you can be sure of—some dude will be checking Frenchy out closely.

"It's getting to the place when I hate to go out anymore," says Frenchy. "I go in a joint wearing one of my freaked-out pieces and the next time I go back, there's at least 40 dudes hanging around in something they think is like mine. I wouldn't mind too much if one of the chumps could offer me some competition. I would really look forward to dressing-off with them. But can't none of them hang with me."

Frenchy has made "the dress-off" an art form. This is a procedure in which someone with a superfly-clothes reputation will challenge the recognized reigning champ to a contest. By unacknowledged consent, the loser steals silently away.

Frenchy almost never loses. If he does, there is hell to pay when he gets a return match. A case in point came after the Steelers' 24-10 opening-game win over the Detroit Lions in Pittsburgh. Frenchy, who reached the 100-yard mark for the seventh time in his five-year pro career that afternoon, was jubilant. The team had won, he had had a good game and he was ready to keep a date with an old buddy, Lem Barney, the Lions' outstanding defensive back.

It seems that earlier in the year, during the off season, Frenchy had stopped by Cobo Hall in Detroit, his home town, to catch the Pistons. Unknown to Frenchy, Barney instigated an "impromptu" half-time dress-off—knowing that Fuqua most likely would not have come prepared for a major showdown.

"The whole thing was rigged," Frenchy says. "Barney wears some fly shit, but he had run all over town especially to get hisself together for me. He even borrowed someone's mink coat. I could see what was happening so I just said, 'I'll see you in September in Pittsburgh, man.'"

The Count had a well-prepared game plan for the rematch: a powder-blue crushed-velvet and leather ensemble with matching blue-tinted glasses and six-inch open-heeled clogs. Frenchy, as soon as possible at game's end, marched into the Lions' dressing room and right to Barney's

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locker for the dress-off. He came out in minutes to report: "All Barney could do was stand there with a shit-eatin' grin on his face and say something about how he had to hurry and catch the team bus. That chump knew he couldn't hang with me."

For the past three years, Pittsburgh sports announcer Myron Cope has sponsored a dress-off in the Steelers' locker room midway through the season. Fuqua has won each year, threads down. "I don't know what makes Myron think that any of them chumps can give me any competition," says Frenchy. " 'Bags'—L.C. Greenwood, a defensive lineman—has been trying hard to get hisself together, but I can blow him away without even trying.

"But the saddest thing yet was last year when Cope talked Jim Clack—the center—into running against me. Imagine, Jim Clack, the Great White Hope. That chump never even had a *slim* chance.

"What them chumps don't realize is that while they're off somewhere in the off season hunting or fishing or hanging out, I'm plottin' on these clothes. They ain't seen nothing yet. Wait till I whip on them one of my sombreros I got in Tijuana. For Houston and the West Coast, I'm going to break out in a bad beige number. I went through Cincinnati where I picked up a three-piece check-and-plaid suit that I'm going to freak out with a red turtleneck and knee-high red boots with six-inch heels. I'm ready for all them chumps this season."

There have been other occasions when Fuqua has had to deal with those who haven't shown the proper respect for his wardrobe. Last year, he had to take on *Esquire* when the magazine made the mistake of omitting him from its list of the Ten Best-Dressed Jocks, naming instead Bob Gibson, Rod Gilbert, John Mackey and Carl Eller, among others. An outraged Fuqua sent a sizzling letter to *Esquire's* "chump" editors, which the magazine printed under the heading "Sour Drapes."

Frenchy mocked Gibson's single-breasted blue suit as being "just right for a funeral," observed that Gilbert "looked better in his hockey equipment than in those threads *Esquire* thought dreamy," and declared he wasn't going to say a word about Eller's "Goodwill dashiki."

"I do not know which is more embarrassing—to have been omitted, as I was from your selections or to have been included among that motley crew," concluded Frenchy.

The only athlete's wardrobe he respects is New York Knickerbocker Walt Frazier's. "Walt is clean," Frenchy says. "He's the one dude I couldn't hang with too long. I don't want to take anything away from him, but he has certain advantages over me. For one thing, he makes a much bigger buck than I do. He drives a Rolls Royce. All I drive is a Mark. He got him a mink. I probably won't be getting me a mink until later this year.

"Then, too, Walt lives in New York, where he has a whole lot of outasight boutiques going for him. But, like I said, the brother is bad. I would have to think about it before I tried to dress-off with him."

Life began for Fuqua on September 12, 1946, in Detroit's tough Blackbottom. Of course, on his annual lecture tours, Frenchy's hyperactive imagination will dream up an alternative version of his origins. Like the one he tells about when he was a French Count living in his spacious castle near the Riviera. One day, while he was lolling around in idle wealth, he cussed out the sun for not being very shiny that particular day. The little birds overheard him, went flying off to the sun and chirped on Frenchy. The sun didn't dig some of them nasty things Frenchy had to say about it and, in retribution, did a job on him. Frenchy says he got burned so bad he lost his original complexion.

Or the one about the time his Royal Count Yacht was wrecked, leaving him stranded on this tiny atoll in the South Pacific with a fine chick. Everything was groovy until someone upped and dropped an atomic bomb on a neighboring atoll. Frenchy says the radiation burned his skin so bad that he turned black.

> "The chumps don't realize that while they're off fishing in the off-season, I'm plottin' these clothes"

Actually, Frenchy's royal upbringing is limited to the fact that he is a self-appointed Count who, along with two buddies—one a Duke and the other a Baron—ruled their turf in Blackbottom.

"There was only one store in our neighborhood and it was in our block," says Frenchy. "Whenever any little kids walked past our stoops to get to the store, they had to come up with at least two pennies for infringing on our territorial rights. Some of them little dudes used to walk two miles out of their way just so they wouldn't have to give up their pennies.

"But whenever we got off our turf, we was always cool," says Frenchy. "I never had any trouble because I always had a philosophy: follow the leader. If we bumped into trouble, the leader was the one who started running. And I was always the first to run."

His running ability caught the eye of the high-school football coach, who installed Frenchy at a guard position. He

played well enough to win a scholarship to Morgan State College, a predominantly black school in Baltimore, Md.

"Hey, man, I *partied* at Morgan State," Frenchy says. "Them girls just wouldn't let me alone."

Between parties, he was switched to running back and became a Big Man on Campus. He still shares with Cleveland Browns' star Leroy Kelly the school's single-game scoring record of 24 points. He also found time to graduate with honors in business administration.

His football skills caught the attention of the New York Giants, who made

Frenchy suffered on a Vietnam tour: "They didn't have hardly no foxy chicks there"

him their No. 11 draft pick in 1969. Allie Sherman, then the Giants' coach, took one look at his new 5-11, 205-pound running back and said: "We dress up in shirts and ties and suits around here."

The Count improvised. "If I'm going to have to dress up in a suit, I might as well make it a flashy suit," he says now. "It didn't make sense. They want you to dress up and be a conservative businessman all week, then on Sundays they want you to become a madman."

Before long, Frenchy got traded to Pittsburgh, and fortunately, Steeler coach Chuck Noll couldn't care less about how the Frenchman dresses. "I don't care what my people wear or how they cut their hair," says Noll. "The only thing I'm concerned about is how they play football."

Which is exactly what Frenchy wanted to hear. "I like to dress up real freaked-out," he says. "It makes me feel good, and the wilder my outfits are the better I play. That's why I'm always shopping around for something new. I got me a rep and I can't afford to let some rook or some chump show me up. If that would happen, I would be down for days."

Last year, Frenchy's happy-go-lucky attitude was temporarily sidetracked when he took part in a USO-sponsored 17-day tour of Vietnam. "I took one look at some of them rats and roaches the dudes over there had to share their pup tents with and said, what the hell is this shit? I've seen rats and roaches in Blackbottom, but some of them rats in Nam are big enough to swallow a pig—and if you think I'm lyin', I'm flyin'. Them dudes over there went through hell. You don't realize what we owe them."

Frenchy suffered some hardships in Vietnam, too. He couldn't wear any of his costumes. "When the dude who was running the tour said don't wear nothin' which might attract attention," he recalls, "I went to the surplus store and bought me the dullest looking fatigue outfit the man had. When we got to Nam, the dudes gave us some combat boots, but I came out of them right away and got in some tennis shoes. I figured that if they started shooting, I wanted me some shoes I could move out in a *hurry* in. Another thing I did was go in a PX and buy a switchblade. If I had to go to war, I wanted me something I knew how to fight with.

"But the thing which hurt the most over there," he says, "was that they didn't have hardly no foxy chicks. That's why we didn't do too good over there. How can they expect them dudes to fight if they ain't got no broads?"

Frenchy has a reputation of being one of Pittsburgh's top womanizers. Walt Harper, the black jazz pianist who operates a downtown nightclub frequented by Frenchy, recalls the night The Count and a teammate came into the club with 20 girls.

"I counted them. I actually went to their table and counted the chicks," says Harper. "There was 20 of them. I wondered what two guys could do with 20 chicks. The whole set just blew my mind."

Frenchy, who at various times has

described himself as single, divorced, separated, engaged and married, explains it this way: "I'm still young and healthy. While I'm like that, I'm going to grab everything I can grab for as long as I can before I get old and settle down. It ain't nothin' but a buncha fun.

"But I'm fair to all my single teammates. I tell them if they women got big titties, don't bring them around. I warn them right out front."

Frenchy's number one concern now, he insists, is for the Steelers to get into the Super Bowl and for him personally to hit the 700-yard rushing mark, a plateau he has yet to reach, although he does hold the team record for most yards gained rushing in a single game (218). "And I tell you what," he says. "If we mess around and get into the Super Bowl this year, I'm going to Hollywood."

If he goes to Hollywood, he will invade all the town's boutiques in search of an outfit which would be worthy of the occasion. "That would be a bitch. I can just see all them TV cameras zooming in on me. With me as pretty as hell from the bottom of my feet to the top of my gorgeous head." He pauses, "Only thing is I would have to top myself and really come up with something fly, because every chump in the country would be hanging around to challenge me in a dress-off. Of course, the way I feel right now, I could handle the whole world." ●

"Yea for me!"

Stephen Lewis writes sexy best-sellers pegged to the news—three in 1973 alone

By Jane Howard

Stephen Lewis, who is 26, has three million books in print and he'll probably earn at least $250,000 in 1973, but one thing he hasn't got is a middle name. Now and then he wonders if he ought to just pick one. Evelyn Grippo, who edits the paperback originals Lewis does for Ace Books, thinks it doesn't matter what he calls himself: "In two years he'll be at least as big a name as Jacqueline Susann or Harold Robbins. Some doctor ought to have a look at his thyroid to see where he gets all that energy."

The Watergate Girls, which Lewis began writing on the eve of the Fourth of July, is his newly published seventh book and first novel. With a first printing of 600,000, it is almost sure—despite its inch-deep characters—to be Lewis' third huge best-seller of 1973. *Massage Parlor*, which came out in March with the pen name Jennifer Sills, has sold 1,500,000 copies, and *Housewife Hookers*, "by Barbara Lane as exposed by Stephen Lewis," has sold around a million since it appeared in May. Not bad for a former model of boys' clothes who says, "I like to *think* of myself as being five feet seven."

Lewis' plaid cowboy shirt has the four top buttons open, revealing a hairy chest, and he carries a Louis Vuitton briefcase. His boots shine. He smokes too much. Protective instincts are around. "Sometimes I feel like wrapping him up in cotton wool when he leaves the office," Mrs. Grippo admits, "but he can get tough, too, as tough as he needs to. And he's never once missed a deadline. If he says he'll have a manuscript here Tuesday at 4:12, it'll *be* here Tuesday at 4:12. He latches onto new ideas all the time, and thinks a lot faster than he can type."

Some authors trudge off to visit their publishers about as frequently as they go to the dentist. Not Lewis. "He's here so often," his editor says, "that he might as well have his own key to the men's room. When he comes, we kick around ideas about what he's been noticing in the papers and on the evening news." As the people at Ace well know, it behooves them to heed Lewis' shrewd instinct for what his fellow citizens are going to want to read about. Far be it from him to pass up a chance to be topical. *Watergate Girls*, for example, is dedicated to Martha Mitchell.

In his lust for middle-American minds and hearts, the young author resembles his commander-in-chief, for whom he rang doorbells last year. The Watergate revelations have since disillusioned him some, "but if McGovern were still his opponent," Lewis says, "I'd campaign for Nixon all over again." Lewis is given to the sort of Yankee Doodle testimonials you don't hear much these days: "I just love the White House! It's spiffy! I'm proud to be an American!" Europe, which he visited once, struck him as "a bunch of old buildings" and he has no yen at all to see Russia, from which his mother and his businessman father's parents emigrated "because I just really wouldn't want to spend money in a Communist country, you know what I mean?"

He can't wait for his nation-wide publicity tour to promote *The Watergate Girls*, so he can revisit Minneapolis ("It's great to see all those real blondes in one place!") and Houston ("Those Texas people are super-absolutely-duper!") and Miami ("Do yourself a favor and go to the Serpentarium there sometime; they extract venom from snakes to make medicine and the snakes live in *condominiums*!")

Instant publishing, as Lewis' genre is known in the trade, suits him "because I'm a very impatient person. like our canine friends I don't have the world's longest attention span. I like my books to come out fast. I take a sort of filmic approach to a book. Writing's only part of it; market-

Freelance writer Jane Howard, formerly of Life, *is the author of* Please Touch *and the new book* A Different Woman.

SCULPTURE BY WARREN FEDULLO

ing's an important part, too. I spend a lot of time with my editors and publishers and lawyers and accountant. I have a fabulous accountant, but even so, I ought to get an award from the government for supporting the economy.

"My idea of money isn't to have millions of people in help. I'd like help, but I'd like them to get lost, too. All I want is to be free and comfortable and not bored. You might get run over, right? So you might as well be run over in something you want to wear."

Of the six books he now is planning, the first will be *Sex Among The Singles* due out in November. It will report on "people who are sort of professionally single, who always call themselves dudes and chicks and have singles clothes, singles bars, singles hair, and singles apartment complexes I wouldn't want to live in for Minute One." Where Lewis would like to live, some ideal day, is in a penthouse set on top of a factory, "with a glass floor right above the biggest machine, because I just *love* to watch machines." For now, he is in the market for something more prosaic in Manhattan, "centrally located and kind of nice, you know what I mean?"

Lewis often asks if you know what he means. He needn't. His talk is no more ambiguous than his prose, which is always fast-paced, once in a while erotic ("but you don't really need sex to sell books") and never distinguished. It is unlikely that many people will reread any of his $1.50 paperbacks, but that doesn't bother him for, as he would put it, Minute One. "I don't expect my work to be assigned to seventh grade English classes," he says, "but I never write anything I wouldn't want to read myself."

An only child in Springfield, Mass., Lewis read constantly and couldn't wait for his formal education to end. "I loathed every minute of high school except for biology and orchestra and gym. A creep? I wasn't around enough to be a creep; I practically dropped out." Nor did he much care for his one year at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York: "All I ever got from any school was a desire to get out and work." Work he soon did, modeling boys' clothes at first and later writing for movie magazines. He collaborated on a hardcover book about beauty for black women, but resented its high price and the long wait for publication. For Pinnacle Press he did his first paperback, *Massage: The Loving Touch*, which led to *Massage Parlor* and a mutually fruitful arrangement with Ace Books.

Lewis' "major properties," as he calls his books, are written in a single draft to the accompaniment of either Country and Western music or television. "Yea for TV!" he says. "I belong to the church of television watchers of America. The two worst things I can conceive of are having the TV break down, which is why I have a backup set, and the telephone not working.

"I don't know Thing One about art," he goes on, "but I do like Bosch, and I like fooling around with paints, too, and I practice singing, because you never know when Broadway will beckon. Oh, and I like needlepoint, and fixing things. My specialty is fixing toilets."

The trendy enthusiasms of his contemporaries leave Lewis unmoved. "Astrology? Baloney juice. Meditation? I'd rather know the secrets of the Masons. I already know how to think on several levels at once, and I work best when I'm doing at least three things at a time. The books he now has in the works include a Hollywood novel called *Cardboard Kingdom* and a layman's guide to menopause, in collaboration with his doctor, called *No Pause At All.*

Having three million books in print pleases Stephen Lewis, sure, but that statistic isn't his favorite sign of success. "You know what the best part is?" he asks. The best part is that *The Watergate Girls* will soon be made into what his press kit calls "a major motion picture," in which its author has been promised a role. "I'm going to be in the movies!" he says. "In pictures! Yea for me!" ●

"I got no use for intellectuals, but I want my kid to be an effete snob"

The hopes of a hard-working man

By Studs Terkel

It is a two-flat dwelling, in Cicero, on the outskirts of Chicago. Mike Lefevre sits inside and talks. He is 37, 5'-8" and 180 pounds. He works in a steel mill. On occasion, his wife, Carol, works as a waitress in a neighborhood restaurant; otherwise, she is at home, caring for their two small children, a girl and a boy. Mike says:

I'm a dying breed. A laborer. Strictly muscle work . . . pick it up, put it down, pick it up, put it down. You can't take pride anymore. You remember when a guy could point to a house he built, how many logs he stacked. He built it and he was proud of it. I don't really think I could be proud if a contractor built a home for me. I would be tempted to get in there and kick the carpenter in the ass (laughs) and take the saw away from him. 'Cause I would have to be part of it, you know.

It's hard to take pride in a bridge you're never gonna cross, in a door you're never gonna open. You're mass-producing things and you never see the end result of it. I worked for a trucker one time. And I got this tiny satisfaction when I loaded a truck. At least I could see the truck depart loaded. In a steel mill, forget it. You don't see where nothing goes.

I got chewed out by my foreman once. He said, "Mike, you're a good worker, but you have a bad attitude." My attitude is that I don't get excited about my job. I do my work, but the day I get excited about my job is the day I go to a head shrinker. How are you gonna get excited about pullin' steel? How are you gonna get excited when you're tired and want to sit down?

It's not just the work. Somebody built the pyramids. Pyramids. Empire State Building—these things just don't happen. There's hard work behind it. I would like to see a building, say the Empire State, I would like to see one side of it, a foot-wide strip from top to bottom with the name of every bricklayer, the name of every electrician, with all the names. So when a guy walks by, he could take his son and say: "See, that's me over there on the 45th floor. I put the steel beam in." Picasso could point to a painting. What can I point to? A writer can point to a book. Every-

This is excerpted from Contributing Editor Studs Terkel's new book on the working man, to be published by Pantheon. Copyright © 1973 by Studs Terkel.

Photograph by Joe Toto

POEMS OF
WALT WHITMAN:
LEAVES OF GRASS
SELECTED BY
LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL

> "I'll be god-damned if a computer is gonna eat before I do; I want milk for my kids and beer for me"

body should have something to point to.

It's the not-recognition by other people. To say a woman is *just* a housewife is degrading, right? O.K. *Just* a housewife. It's also degrading to say *just* a laborer. The difference is that a man goes out and maybe gets smashed.

A mule, an old mule, that's the way I feel. Oh yeah. See (shows black and blue marks on arms and legs, burns). You know what I heard from more than one guy at work? "If my kid wants to work in a factory, I am going to kick the hell out of him." I want my kid to be an effete snob. Yeah, mm-hmm (laughs). I want him to be able to quote Walt Whitman, to be proud of it.

If you can't improve yourself, you improve your posterity. Otherwise life isn't worth nothing. I'm sure the first cave man who went over the hill to see what was on the other side—I don't think he went there wholly out of curiosity. He went there because he wanted to get his son out of the cave. Just the same way I want to send my kid to college.

I work so damn hard and want to come home and sit down and lay around. *But I gotta get it out.* I want to be able to turn around to somebody and say, "Hey, fuck you." You know? (laughs) 'Cause all day I wanted to tell my foreman to go fuck himself. But I can't.

So I find a guy in a tavern. To tell him that. And he tells me, too. I've been in brawls. He's punching me and I'm punching him, because we actually want to punch somebody else. The most that'll happen is the bartender will bar us from the tavern. But at work, you lose your job.

This one foreman I've got, he's a kid. He's a college graduate. He thinks he's better than everybody else. He was chewing me out and I was saying, "Yeah, yeah, yeah." He said, "What do you mean, yeah, yeah, yeah. Yes, *sir.*" I told him, "Who the hell are you, Hitler? What is this '*yes, sir*' bullshit? I came here to work, I didn't come here to crawl. There's a fuckin' difference."

I got broke down to a lower grade and lost 25 cents an hour, which is a hell of a lot. It amounts to about $10 a week. He came over—after breaking me down. The guy comes over and smiles at me. I blew up. He didn't know it, but he was about two seconds and two feet away from a hospital. I said, "Stay the fuck away from me." He was just about to say something and was pointing his finger. I just reached my hand up and just grabbed his finger and I just put it back in his pocket. He walked away. I grabbed his finger because I'm married. If I'd a been single, I'd a grabbed his head. That's the difference.

You're doing this manual labor and you know that technology can do it (laughs). Automation frightens me if it puts me out on the street. It doesn't frighten me if it shortens my work week. You read that little thing: what are you going to do when this computer replaces you? Blow up computers (laughs). Really. Blow up computers. I'll be god-damned if a computer is gonna eat before I do! I want milk for my kids and beer for me. Machines can either liberate man or enslave 'em, because they're pretty neutral. It's man who has the bias to put the thing one place or another.

If I had a 20-hour work week, I'd get to know my kids better, my wife better. Some kid invited me to go on a college campus. On a Saturday. It was summertime. Hell, if I have a choice of taking my wife and kids to a picnic or going to a college campus, it's gonna be the picnic. But if I worked a 20-hour week, I could go do both. Don't you think with that extra 20 hours, people could really expand? Who's to say? There are some people in factories just by force of circumstance. I'm just like the colored people. Potential Einsteins don't have to be white. They could be in cotton fields, in factories.

The 20-hour week is a possibility today. The intellectuals, they always say there are potential Lord Byrons, Walt Whitmans, Roosevelts, Picassos working in construction or steel mills or factories. But I don't think they believe it. I think what they're afraid of is the potential Hitlers and Stalins that are there, too. The people in power fear the leisure man.

What do you think would happen in this country if, for one year, they experimented and gave everybody a 20-hour week? How do they know that the guy who digs Wallace today doesn't try to resurrect Hitler tomorrow? Or the guy who is mildly disturbed at pollution doesn't decide to go to General Motors and shit on the guy's desk? You can become a fanatic, if you had the time. The whole thing is time.

It isn't that the average working guy is dumb. He's tired, that's all. I picked up a book on chess one time. That thing laid in the drawer for two or three weeks. You're too tired. During the weekends, you want to take your kids out. You don't want to sit there and the kid comes up, and says, "Daddy, can I go to the park?" and you got your nose in a book. Forget it.

I know a guy 57 years old. Know what he tells me? "Mike, I'm old and tired *all* the time." The first thing happens at work is that when the arms start moving, the brain stops. I punch in about 10 minutes to seven in the morning. I say hello to a couple of guys I like, I kid around with them. I put on my hard hat, change into my safety shoes, put on my safety glasses, go to the bonderizer. It's the thing I work on. They rake the metal, they wash it, they dip it in a paint solution and we take it off. Put it on, take it off, put it on, take it off, put it on, take it off. . . .

I say hello to everybody but my boss. At seven it starts. My arms get tired about the first half hour. After that, they don't get tired any more, until maybe the last half hour, at the end of the day. I work from seven to 3:30. My arms are tired at 7:30 and they're tired at three o'clock. I hope to God I never get broke in, because I always want my arms to be tired at 7:30 and three o'clock (laughs). 'Cause that's when I know that there's a beginning and there's an end. That I'm not brainwashed. In between, I don't even try to think.

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"The first thing that happens at work is that when the arms start moving, the brain stops"

Unless a guy's a nut, he never thinks about work or talks about it. Maybe about baseball or about getting drunk yesterday or he got laid or he didn't get laid.

Oh yeah, I day dream. I fantasize about a sexy blonde in Miami who's got my union dues (laughs). I think of the head of the union the way I think of the head of my company. Living it up. I think of February in Miami. Warm weather, a place to lay in. When I hear a college kid say, "I'm oppressed," I don't believe him. You know what I'd like to do for one year? Live like a college kid. Wow!

Somebody has to do this work. If my kid ever goes to college, I just want him to have a little respect, to realize that his dad is one of those somebodies. This is why even on—yeah, I guess, sure—on the black thing (sighs heavily), I can't really hate the colored fella that's working with me all day. The black intellectual I got no respect for. The white intellectual I got no use for. I got no use for the black militant who's gonna scream 300 years of slavery to me, while I'm busting my ass. You know what I mean? (laughs) I have one answer for that guy; go see Rockefeller. See Harriman. Don't bother me. We're in the same cotton field.

After work, I usually stop off at a tavern. Cold beer. Cold beer right away. When I was single, I used to go into hillbilly bars, get in a lot of brawls. Just to explode. I'm getting older (laughs). I don't explode as much. You might say I'm broken in. No, I'll never be broken in (sighs). When you get a little older, you exchange the words. When you're younger, you exchange the blows.

When I get home, I argue with my wife a little bit. Turn on TV, get mad at the news (laughs). I don't even watch the news that much. I watch Jackie Gleason reruns. I look for any alternative to the ten o'clock news. I don't want to go to bed angry.

When I come home, know what I do for the first 20 minutes? Fake it. I put on a smile. I got a kid three years old. Sometimes she says, "Daddy, where've you been?" I say, "Work." I could have told her I'd been in Disneyland. What's work to a three-year-old kid? If I feel bad, I can't take it out on the kids. You can't take it out on your wife either. This is why you go to a tavern. You want to release it there rather than do it at home.

Weekends, I drink beer, read a book. I've got one there—*Violence in America.* It's one of them studies from Washington. One of them committees they're always appointing. A thing like that I read on a weekend. But during the weekdays, gee—I just thought about it. I don't do that much reading from Monday through Friday. Unless it's a horny book. I'll read it at work and go home and do my homework (laughs). That's what the guys at the plant call it—homework (laughs).

I went out drinking with one guy, oh, a long time ago, a college boy. He was working where I work now. Always preaching to me about how you need violence to change the system and all that garbage. We went into a hillbilly joint. Some guy there, I didn't know him from Adam, he said: "You think you're smart." I said, "What's your pleasure?" (laughs) He said, "My pleasure's to kick your ass." I told him I really can't be bothered. He said, "What're you, chicken?" I said, "No, I just don't want to be bothered." He came over and said something to me again. I said, "I don't beat women, drunks or fools. Now leave me alone."

The guy called his brother over. This college boy that was with me, he came nudging my arm, "Mike, let's get out of here." It was close to closing time and we stayed. We could have left, but when you go into a place to have a beer and a guy challenges you—if you expect to go in that place again, you don't leave.

I got just outside the door and one of these guys jumped on me and grabbed me around the neck. I grabbed his arm and flung him against the wall. I grabbed him here (indicates throat) and jiggled his head against the wall quite a few times. He kind of slid down a little bit. This guy who said he was his brother took a swing at me with a garrison belt. He just missed and hit the wall. I'm looking around for my junior Stalin (laughs) who loves violence and everything. He's gone. Split (laughs). Next day, I see him at work. I couldn't get mad at him, he's a baby.

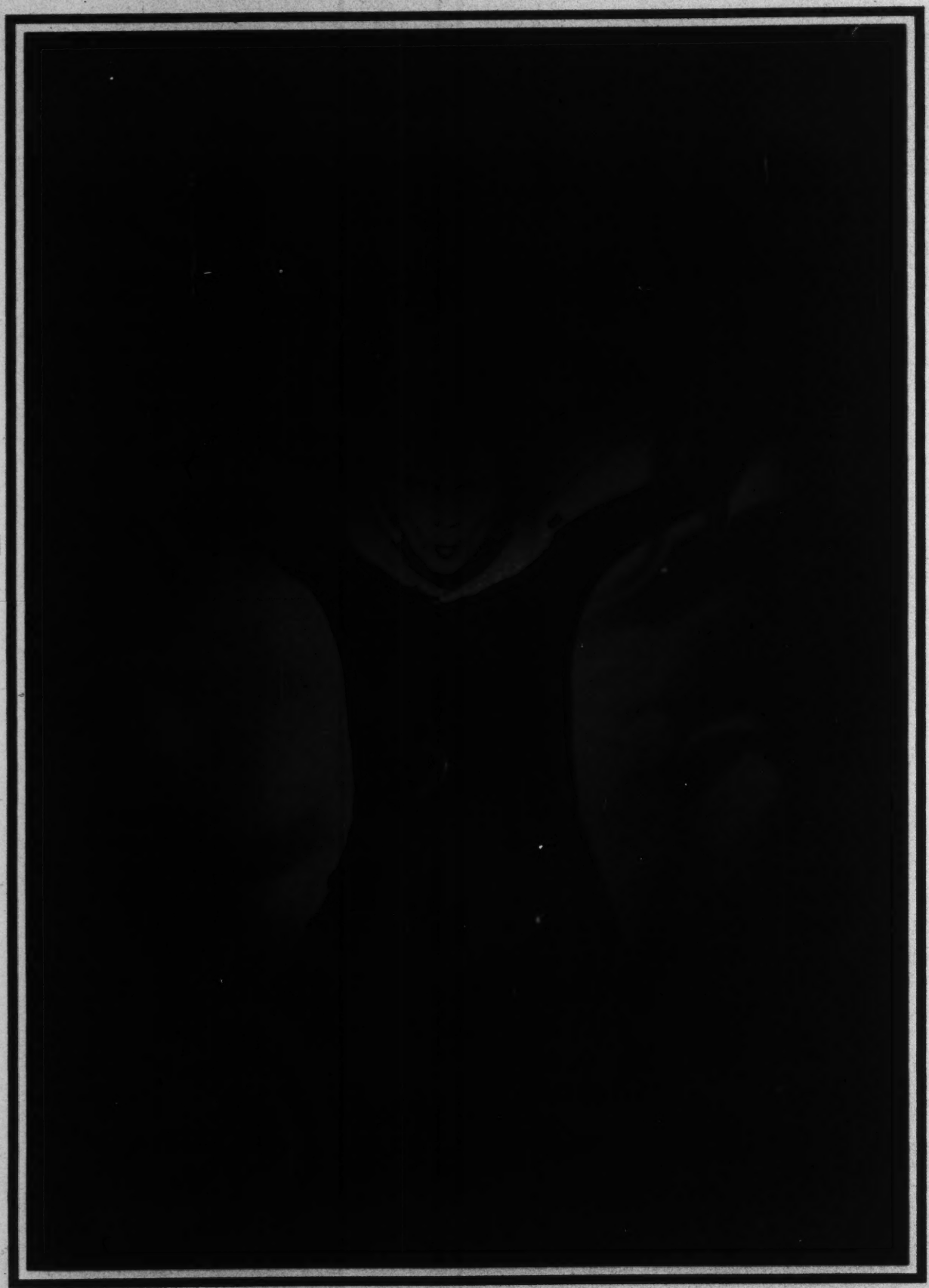
One college boy, he saw a book in my back pocket one time and he was amazed. He walked up to me and he said, "You read?" I said, "What do you mean, I read?" He said, "All these dummies read the sports pages around here. What are you doing with a book?" I got pissed off at the kid right away. I said, "What do you mean, all these dummies? Don't knock a man who's paying somebody else's way through college."

I'd like to run a combination bookstore and tavern (laughs). I would like to have a place where college kids and steel workers could sit down and talk. Where a working man would not be ashamed of Walt Whitman and where a college professor would not be ashamed that he painted his house over the weekend.

If a carpenter built a cabin for poets, I think the least the poets owe the carpenter is just three or four one-liners on the wall. A little plaque: "Though we labor with our minds, this place we can relax in was built by someone who can work with his hands. And his work is as noble as ours."

Sometimes, out of pure meanness, when I make something, I put a dent in it. I like to do something to make it really unique. Hit it with a hammer. I deliberately fuck it up to see if they'll get by, just so I can say I did it. I want my signature on it. I'd like to make my imprint.

This is gonna sound square, but my kid is my imprint. He's my freedom. You know what I mean? This is why I work. Yes, I want my kid to be an effete snob. Hell, yes, I want my kid to tell me that he's not gonna be like me. Every time I see a young guy walk by with a shirt and tie and dressed up sharp, I'm lookin' at my kid, you know? That's it. ●



Photograph by Benno Friedman

Jobriath Boone in one of his self-designed costumes.

Jobriath gets ready to sizzle

And now, the rock star who may outglitter them all

By Martha Fay

Someone who knows him well told me that Jerry Brandt is a wizard at his business, and that includes sizing up visitors to his half-elegant, half-multi-colored-walls-groovy apartment in Manhattan's East Sixties. Some folks are offered a joint, some get tea and cheese. I arrived at his door dripping from a rainstorm and got three cups of coffee and as many pats on the head.

I have been sent to Brandt to investigate certainty. Certainty is a superstar-to-be, Jobriath Boone, soon to explode in a galactic finish onto the boards, the very fancy boards of the Paris Opera House. The Paris Opera House? Jobriath Boone? Jerry Brandt sees to everything.

"There's nothing I do that goes slow. It's based on energy, you know, Hmmm? I mean you can't go to the moon slow. You just don't get there." Brandt is telling me this with a straight face, a face that looks redeemed from the streets until he smiles and I can see that all his teeth are intact. "Not since the o-rig-i-nal Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey Circus has there been a show like this. He's like Nijinski or Bernhardt. He's gonna give them more than *No, No, Nanette!*"

The star strolls through the door, the big prize himself. He is skinny, but graceful skinny, like Nureyev without the muscles bulging. He wears a baseball jacket piped in red, very clean, and long silky white pants and he waltzes once around the room before sitting down. He answers my question with jokes. "What are you going to do when you're a success?" "I'm going to get my hair cut once a month. I'm going to buy some new sunglasses." He sounds like a star.

Brandt seems very happy to see Jobriath. In fact, he's been happy ever since he first heard Jobriath on a semi-abandoned tape at Columbia last year, December 14. Mark it down. The man who first brought the Rolling Stones to America way back when, the man who had Carly Simon on his client list, was bored with the rock scene, was about to leave it all behind, at the age of 32. And then Jobriath came along. Not only could this kid write songs, sing songs, and arrange songs, he could paint, sculpt, dance and prance and he had picked up the mime from Marcel Marceau. The kid was 23 stark raving years old.

"I'm not doing this because I want to be a manager," Brandt tells me. (He has already explained that he is not a manager, not an agent, but a "showman in the tradition of P.T.Barnum.")"I'm doing this because of what he is. I've never seen anything to compare with Jobriath."

I tell him it seems too simple, like he and Jobriath are a couple of kids with a hot idea, like a high-school senior's fantasy of making it. He has been religiously low key over the coffee cups, but now he throws his hands up, laughs and shrieks. "It *isn't* simple. It takes dedication, energy, time, perseverance, tenacity, guts. It seems so simple because I'm acting about it so simple. It's my manner. Whaddya want me to be, nervous?

"The emergence of stardom," Brandt theorizes, "is dictated by time and space. Each generation provides its own leader. This is the '80s. I mean the '70s are over, 'cause all these schmucks are dealing with nostalgia, bringing up coffins and graves and selling dead people."

His first album, *Jobriath,* appears this month, funny and classy with a sometimes-cacophonous, sometimes-gentle streak of electronically eerie sound running through the whole track. But the clearest picture of how Jobriath fits into these times, into this era where glitter rock is the big seller, will be available in December, when he opens at the Paris Opera House. There, he will sparkle and bounce and kick like the Ziegfeld line. His costumes, self-designed, are calculated to amaze—hoop-framed pants and sequined torsos, feather headdresses and more. He will emerge onto the stage from another of his own creations, a tower constructed of painted boxes, all removable and interchangeable like a Chinese puzzle, a hiding place for him between songs. There will be leaping and wailing, and he'll leave Paris panting, then flit across the Continent.

In the spring Jobriath Boone will return to the United States. Maybe Jerry Brandt and Elektra Records will match the more than $300,000 they've already spent and charter Jobriath the Queen Elizabeth II. But! Maybe Jobriath will parachute from the Spirit of St. Louis while Charles Lindbergh skywrites in the big blue. Maybe he'll come on foot. Just wait. ●

Martha Fay attended Immaculate Heart College in Hollywood, where she learned a lot about how stars are created.

Blue Ash burns

By Bob Greene

Youngstown, Ohio, on a Sunday afternoon. The inside of The Apartment, a rock-and-roll dance hall, is sticky and rancid with last night's spilled and spattered 3.2 beer. The place is close to empty at the moment, and the conversation is of money, and of fame, and of the 1973-style Fates.

"Sometimes I get a little upset," says Geoff Jones, the 25-year-old manager of a four-man band from Youngstown called Blue Ash. "Sometimes I feel like telling the guys to put on dresses and rouge and lipstick, and then taking them right in to see Steinberg." Irwin Steinberg is the president of Mercury Records, for whom Blue Ash has made an album. "Then I could stand there and say, 'Here, do you like us now? Are we cool now?' "

If Jones' frustration shows up at times, it is understandable. The Blue Ash album, *No More, No Less*, received reviews in the rock press that were, uniformly, astoundingly good, even rhapsodic. *Rolling Stone:* "Their debut album is one of the most exciting records of the last few years . . . *No More, No Less* is an astonishingly explosive debut, and with apparently limitless potential, Blue Ash should by all rights become a major phenomenon." Critic Mike Saunders: "There's this song, 'I Remember a Time,' on Blue Ash's debut album. Not that the whole album isn't magnificent, mind you, but this cut . . . it could do for this group what 'Mr. Tambourine Man' did for the Byrds: the start of a brilliant career, a Number One hit, instant mythology . . . I love the album, I really do . . . this is one of the most spiritual, powerful debuts ever from an American group." There is a whole pile of reviews like these in the Blue Ash business office in Youngstown.

And yet, by all odds, Blue Ash is not going to make it. The reviews were directly on the mark: Blue Ash's music is exuberantly smashing rock and roll, the kind that kicks you in the crotch and brings you right out of your chair with a stupid grin across your face. Rare stuff, forged out of the basic components of a four-man band: a lead singer, a guitarist, a bass player and a drummer. Sometimes their songs have the hammer-on-steel hardness of the Rolling Stones, sometimes the hovering vocal harmonies of the early Byrds, always the giddily optimistic energy of the 1965 Beatles—a clean, tight, highly melodic sound that does not sacrifice the nervous, raw, crunching power that is rock. But even with the words of praise, sales of the album since its release last spring have totaled only some 7,000, a woefully small number. Mercury is at present undecided about whether it will release a second Blue Ash album.

The problem is, Blue Ash merely plays wondrous, heart-stopping rock—and in an age of mascara and glitter and lipstick on male rock-and-roll stars, that is not enough. Dave Evans, the group's 23-year-old drummer, leans against a wall in The Apartment and says, "Eventually we'll have a big hit single, and then it's all the way." But in a business as savagely competitive as records, a group of young boys from Ohio needs more than good reviews and good music to stay alive, especially when it is just starting out. We are well into the '70s, and to much of young America, Alice Cooper is Joe DiMaggio.

"Look at this, a full-page ad for the Dolls," says Frank Secich, 22, Blue Ash's bass player. He is flipping through a copy of *Billboard* Magazine. "The Dolls" are The New York Dolls, another act signed to Mercury Records. Their music is dull and grating and predictable. But The New York Dolls are men who dress in women's clothing and wear high heels and heavy makeup, and they are going to be big. Their first album, featuring the Dolls in full drag on the cover, has been out less than half as long as the Blue Ash album, but it has already sold well over 80,000 copies and is picking up speed. Mercury is readying the full publicity and promotional machinery for the Dolls, so that they can compete with Alice and the rest of the mascara-glitter boys.

This is hard for Blue Ash to deal with. The four members of Blue Ash are all properly registered longhairs, and in the *Easy Rider* days they would have been hated by much of America for their looks. But now, by rock-and-roll standards, they are clean-cut kids. They do not rouge their nipples, and they do not simulate going down on each other on stage. And they are attracting very little attention from record buyers. They are waiting around the Youngstown area, waiting for something national to happen for them, and more and more they are seeing it happen to lipstick-glitter-drag groups instead.

"Those big fags. . ." says Jimmy Kendzor, Blue Ash's 21-year-old lead singer. He is sipping on a Coca-Cola in a plastic cup. Blue Ash's members, according to their manager, "don't do dope, don't drink excessively, and don't run with fast women, as they say."

Bob Greene, a Chicago Sun Times *columnist, wrote the book RUNNING: A Nixon-McGovern Campaign Journal.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL FREEDMAN

The members of Blue Ash are, left to right, Frank Secich, Dave Evans, Jim Kendzor and Cupid Bartolin.

The manager, Geoff Jones, has some opinions on why rock-and-roll groups who go out of their way to erase sexual boundaries and to carefully build calculatedly offensive stage shows are now so hot: "During the years of the Vietnam war, young kids were just out to go against their parents. Anything that would revolt their parents. Now when you come up with a guy named Alice in a dress, that is something that your father is going to hate, right? Alice built it up, and now every record company wants to have their own group like that. You know, among the kids, everyone does dope, so the groups all give the impression that they all do dope and are all sexually something or other, and so a group like the Dolls comes out, and it doesn't matter what their record's like, all of a sudden it's BOOM! and it's moving up the chart."

The members of Blue Ash say that they will not go that way, regardless. "Either people will like our music, or they won't," says Dave Evans, the drummer. And when, momentarily, the band members, sitting inside the dark old dance hall, fall silent, Geoff Jones forces a laugh and says, "Before we'd do that other kind of stuff, we'd try another idea. We have a mutual suicide pact. Anyone who dies winds up selling millions of albums, so if we have to do it that way, we'll do it that way. I think Hendrix is sending masters down from heaven, anyway."

Maybe the players of Blue Ash are right. Maybe they can wait out the mascara thing and still make it big. But chances are, it will work out the other way. Mike Gormley, the director of publicity for Mercury Records, says, "With a new group, it's so much easier to get general-circulation magazine people and TV stations interested if there's a lot of flash, a lot of surface excitement. When you're dealing with media, the music is not what counts. It's the flash. The something strange. The something weird."

For Blue Ash, it's a question of waiting to see whether or not they will be allowed to release a second album. They are as talented a rock-and-roll band as plays in this country today, and still they work the Youngstown, Ohio circuit, three of them living with their mothers and fathers, the fourth living with his wife and mother-in-law, watching his wife leave for the General Motors plant in Warren, Ohio every afternoon, so she can assemble turn-signal parts on the night shift.

It is late afternoon in The Apartment. Blue Ash does not have a job tonight; each of the four members will go home at dinner time, and then think about what to do with his evening.

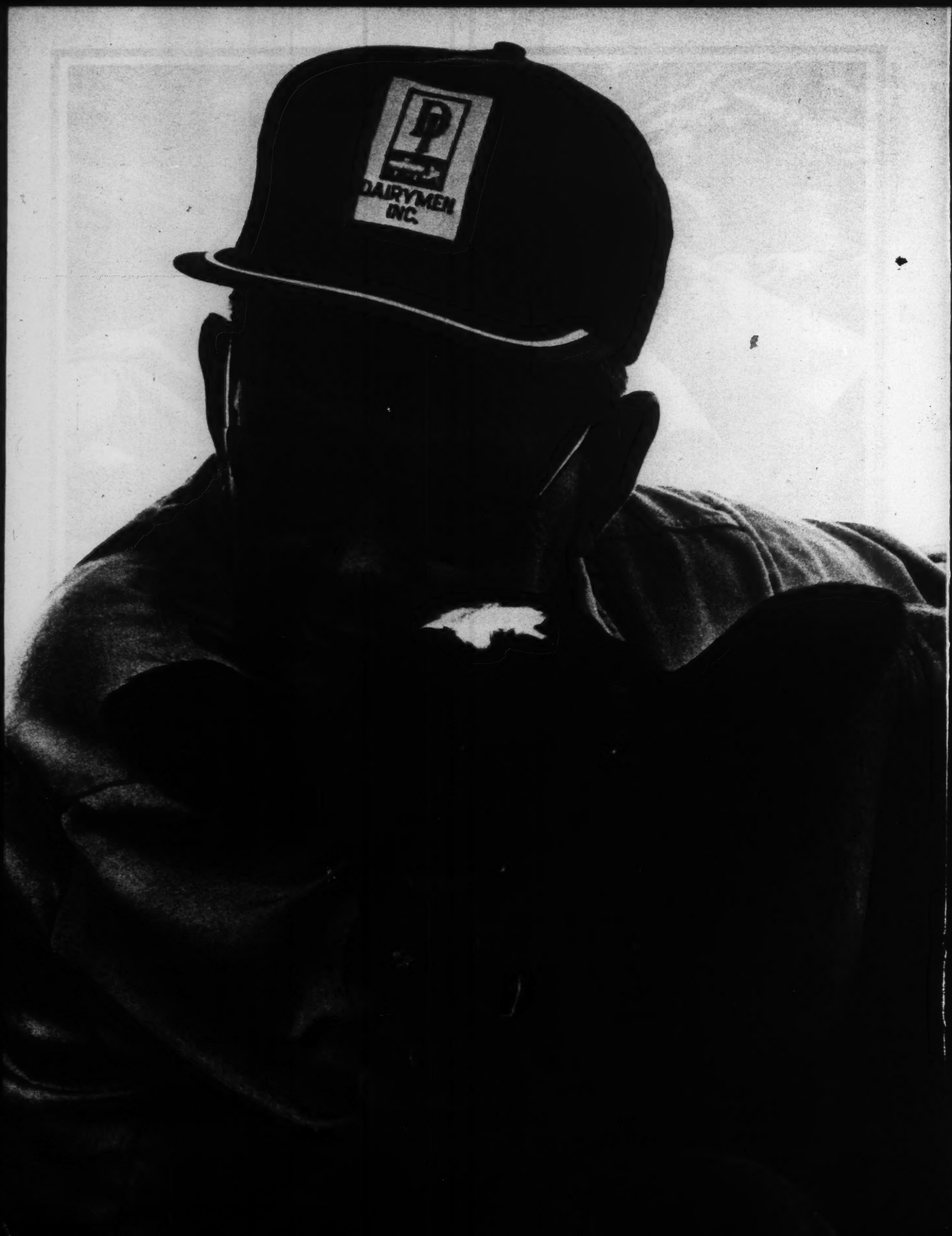
"These gimmicks are going to die out," says Cupid Bartolin, the band's 22-year-old lead guitarist. "They'd better. Because if that's the kind of music that is going to be successful in the '70s, then the business is going to die, anyway."

There is more silence. A fluorescent light is flickering back by the door. A visitor asks the members of the group if they are surprised that they are not yet as big as Edgar Winter, David Bowie, T-Rex, Slade, as successful as the bands that are beginning to make big money, beginning to realize the rock-and-roll dream.

"Around here, people ask us if we think we'll ever end up as big as Left End," says Cupid Bartolin.

The visitor looks puzzled. Left End?

"Yeah," says Cupid. "They're the band that everyone is talking about around here. They've been around town for years. But now they've started to paint their faces half red and half green, and they glue this silver sparkly stuff around their eyes, and they have all these smoke bombs and crazy stuff on stage. They're the hottest thing in Youngstown." ●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Photograph by Jill Freedman

"It's almost the same as sellin' your children"

The nation's sixth-best dairy farmer, Ralph Peed, is dirt-stained, rich . . . and heartsick. Rising costs have forced him to sell his herd

By John Filiatreau

At sundown on a summer night, when the hay's all baled and the twine cuts on a man's hands begrudgingly begin losing their sting, when supper's under the belt and that old cow down in the south pasture is sticking her tail straight up in the air and sashaying around the feed tub, trying to allay her birthing pains, then old Ralph Peed, the man who has the sixth-best dairy herd in the whole damn US of A, walks out onto his lawn among some of the biggest red oaks in creation, surveys his empire once again and offers his thanks to God like a challenge.

"People ask me where I go to church, and I say 'Right here with my cows, by gosh,' because there ain't no place on earth a man can be any closer to his Savior," Peed says defiantly, staring across his 300 acres of rich land in Shelby County, Kentucky. "Out here smack in the middle of Nature, where you see it every day, both comin' in and goin' out." He shakes his sun-reddened head at the glory of it.

"I still love it, just as much as ever," he adds, looking back on 41 years of backbreaking seven-days-a-week, sunup to sundown labor. "I just plain love them ol' cows, and I love this country." He pauses. ". . . And oh, them calves. Why it just breaks my heart to lose one. I tell you, it brings tears to my eyes. Why, I'd lick them off myself if I had to."

In that elemental and beautiful expression is the kernel of Ralph Peed's soul. A man licks a calf to life and so partakes of whatever matters in his universe.

When Peed started in the dairy business in 1932, peddling milk door to door for eight cents a quart, there were two constellations in his universe: the cows he loved, and the success those cows could win for him. Now Peed has become a model of success, a man folks point to when they want to show what a fellow can accomplish with unremitting labor, good land and feverish desire. In 1972 his 126-cow milking herd produced an average of 18,600 pounds of milk. The national average was about 9,000 pounds.

"It kinda floored some of the big wheels around here when I made the honor list," he laughs. "When I bought this farm back in '52, they got up a jackpot down at the store, bettin' whether I'd last one year, two years or three. Now I reckon I'm worth a million dollars." A smile of vindication sweeps across Peed's broad face. His 300-acre homestead was paid off three years after he bought it, and now he owns three other grade-A farms in startlingly fecund Shelby County. He brags that he recently sold for $136,000 a farm he bought in 1967 for $52,000.

So it came as quite a shock when in August he announced he would be auctioning off his herd of registered Holsteins come October 25. He says he's selling the herd because, "If you don't put it in the front end, you just don't get it out the back." And the grain feed he prefers to put in the front end of his cows went from $65 a ton in October 1972 to $128 a ton in May of '73. "It's taking everything we get from the milk to pay the bills. . . . There's just no incentive any more to push yourself to the point of exhaustion."

Everything about Ralph Peed—his hands, his old grey work clothes, his short-billed cap, even his voice—is dirt stained, sweetly scented of manure. To a point just above his elbows, his arms are dark, almost the color of topsoil. He walks hunched over, firmly anchored, almost like a gnarled stump, and he presents his neck, which looks like tanned leather, as a constant target for the sun.

Peed says that people today are "just too busy to enjoy themselves; it's what you call a rat race." He is in the race, too. His devotion to his work is obsessional, heroic—and he's convinced, probably rightly, that he'll die if he stops. His success has not broadened his horizons. He has plumbed the depths of the fabled American Dream and found it circular, like the seasons. He is content.

Peed's wife has another view of their life. Callie, age 48, still has the fresh, well-scrubbed look of a girl ready to leave for her junior prom. She sits in her parlor saying little, seeming coy. But as she looks back on the "the old days," the hard times, and remembers what they had, then surveys her belongings now (not ostentatious, but spanking new—"There ain't nothin' as good as new, now is there?" booms her husband), she seems unsure whether the rewards have been worth the sacrifices.

She isn't consulted when her husband makes a business decision. She doesn't have access to a checking account. She's the first one up every morning, frying eggs. When Ralph goes on business trips, he might take one of his boys along, but never his wife. She attends the United Methodist Church without her man. One time when Ralph was away on business, she says, joking, "I got even. I let four calves die of blackleg fever."

Callie admits, "There's been times I'd have liked not to have to ask for money," but adds in her next breath, tentatively, "I believe I'm more liberated at home than I would be out at a job."

She married Ralph shortly after her high school graduation. Asked why she chose to wed a farmer, she pauses to form an answer—and her husband interrupts: "Hell, I just swept her off her feet!"

John Filiatreau, NEW TIMES' Louisville correspondent, is a suburban reporter for the Courier-Journal *and a poet.*

"The politicians, the big wheels . . . they've just about squeezed the air out of me"

The Peeds have a married daughter, Janet, who lives in Virginia. Their sons, David, 21, and Joey, 12, have their own Holstein herd now, a small one which will almost certainly top Ralph's own production record this year. Proudly, Ralph Peed replaced one of his roadside signs recently and made a change. It now reads, "Oakwood Farm, Ralph Peed & Sons."

When the cows get old, they're sent to the slaughterhouse, and cow life goes on; Peed looks to his heifers and bullocks for that. When Peed dies, his sons will carry on. Those two miracles are part of the same Nature; Peed would be hard pressed to say which is the greater wonder.

Selling his Holsteins, he says, is "almost the same as sellin' one of your children, by George." For Ralph Peed, this is not hyperbole. Peed exaggerates nothing, and neither does he hide anything. "We don't really live the way, maybe, we'd like to," he admits. "I mean this isn't the ideal. My life is the cows and the farm, and nothin' gets in the way. You know, when the ox is in the ditch you go get him out. We don't ever go anywhere together. And if the hay needs balin' on Sunday afternoon, even though I have a million-dollar investment here, *I'll* go bale it. We don't have any social life at all."

He goes to the kitchen and returns with two tall glasses of milk. The milk is not pasteurized, homogenized and vitamin fortified, nor is it fat free. It is full and rich and cold, a milk connoisseur's dream. This man—who says selling his cows is like selling his children, whose eyes mist over when he even talks about losing a calf, who would lick off a newborn Holstein to ensure its survival—is selling his herd. It seems sacrilegious.

Peed is sitting at a desk in his office and trying to make sense of his decision to sell. He is wearing his work clothes and his old cap—and even here the sweet smell of cow dung is in the air. Yet he is surrounded by papers, books, sheaves of records, back issues of *Dairy World* magazine. Here he is the businessman.

He recounts the facts. Feed costs doubled in eight months. His dairy operation, one of the country's most efficient, has lost money since April. And, like the rest of us, he suffers—from the national food crisis, the energy crisis, the spiral of inflation. "Everything I have is appreciating in value," he readily admits. "I'm not goin' on welfare or anything. But I have a tremendous investment here and it's just not generatin' any income. A man can't stand for that. A fella playin' the stock market wouldn't put up with it either."

The auction is expected to bring in about $100,000. Peed looks upon money as an indicator of status and achievement, but to him, farmland is a worthier possession than luxury cars or palatial homes or idle pocket cash. What he earns he puts back into the land.

Visitors to Peed's farm are immediately ushered into a battered yellow Ford pickup truck. Peed likes to give them "the grand tour," to make them understand his love and pride. He drives the pickup across lush pastures, easing through clusters of heifers, gently urging them to move out of the way. "Aren't they pretty?" he says. He's like a towheaded boy showing off his first 4-H calf.

He points out that he's holding back from the auction about 130 registered heifers, which have already been bred or will be bred during the coming year. "We'll have the cattle to work right back into business during the coming year," he says. "These heifers theoretically ought to be even better than the cows I've got now, but of course that's only theoretically. Anyhow, we could be back in full production by 1975. Maybe by then things'll be better."

But he isn't confident things will improve very soon. "They've just about squeezed the air out of me," he says quietly. "This whole darn thing, especially since these so-called freezes and price manipulations, just hasn't been fair to agriculture. The politicians, the big wheels, seem to have the idea that we have to eat food, and we always will, just like we always have. But they're going to have to let us make a profit or we're going to go out of business."

Peed's father was a tenant farmer, a man who'd load 10-gallon cans of raw milk onto a wagon before dawn, tell Old Dan to giddyap, and "just try to get it to town before it soured." Peed "took over" his father's old Model T truck in 1932, when he graduated from high school at "two weeks past 17 years old." He drove a milk truck for his father, "in the heart of the Depression, don't you know." Peed remembers it well. "He'd send me to town with the milk and he'd say, 'Sell it, trade it off or give it away, just don't bring it back.' And we call them the good ol' days! . . . "

He has taken part in one agricultural revolution in his lifetime, the one exemplified by the move to artificial insemination, scientific fertilization of soil and the formation of cooperatives. Now he's at the forefront of another revolution, exemplified by the growing number of farmers who'd rather quit, or lay low for a while, than fight.

Peed, when he works among the cows that will be sold, looks just gloomy as hell. His shoulders slump nearer the earth, his body stiffens visibly and there is considerable anger in his movements. He tosses a salt block from the truck and listens, scowling, as the sandpaper tongue begins its rhythmic scraping. He shoulders his way into a cluster of the immense animals and rests a leathery hand on the warm back of one of his favorites. The gesture is like a blessing. "Nobody wants an old cow," he hedges, "so maybe I'll hold this one out of the sale."

He climbs into the pickup, giving the door a tremendous slam, and flees to a younger, fresher pasture, where big-eyed heifers mill about his truck as if to comfort him. "Aren't they pretty," he says. It is not a question. He gazes, smiling again, at the eager heifers, and his eyes shout joy. ●

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MOVIES

The road to tedium is paved with decent intentions

By Frank Rich

Nothing much mean happens in *Mean Streets,* director Martin Scorsese's troubled but affectionate film about New York City's Little Italy. Unlike all the other recent movies that deal with hoodlums, this picture—which was one of three American features in this month's New York Film Festival—ignores the gruesome trigger-men to focus instead on the penny-ante numbers-runners who perform the organization's most mundane tasks. Still, while one is grateful for this respite from the comic-book carnage of the gangster genre, it's hard not to notice that during much of *Mean Streets,* nothing but nothing is happening at all. And that, in its own way, is pretty deadly.

It didn't have to be this way. This is a film of decent intentions and real integrity. Although the protagonists of the screenplay (by Scorsese and Mardik Martin) are four young hoods on the make, they are almost incidental to *Mean Streets'* real concern. That concern is nothing less than the evocation of the ambiance and aspirations of a durable ethnic community—one that is defined as much by a few bars, an old-world ethic and a church as the sometimes comforting, sometimes mean streets that crisscross Mulberry in lower Manhattan.

It's a world that's as spiritually isolated from its surroundings as is West Berlin. To the people of *Mean Streets,* "uptown" is some kind of magical-evil fairyland and Brooklyn might as well be Fire Island. The blacks and Jews who make up most of the city's population are figures of novelty and fear, like intruders from another planet.

Scorsese gets at this in his own piecemeal way. But rather than the movie's general pattern it's some scatter-shot vignettes that do the work. Bits like one where Michael (Richard Romanus), the most paranoid of the four guys, passes around a picture of the schoolteacher he's dating only to be put on the defensive by a drinking buddy who says he's seen the girl outside the neighborhood "kissing a nigger."

The best of these vignettes invariably involve Johnny Boy, the gang's depressed loser, who has trouble walking down any block without encountering a creditor. The role is played by Robert De Niro, the dying catcher of *Bang The Drum Slowly,* who is rapidly becoming the movies' foremost embodiment of sublingual shleppyness. Pasty-faced and greasy, De Niro walks and talks with a good-natured slovenliness not unreminiscent of Art Carney's sewerman on the old Jackie Gleason *Honeymooners.* At one point in *Mean Streets,* he haltingly approaches Diane (Jeannie Bell), the black go-go girl at the neighborhood joint, to tell her she's "a terrific performer." Her response is not overwhelming, but Johnny Boy mumbles on, expanding his spiel to include an offer of a gig as hostess of the big nightclub he says he'll open uptown someday. All Johnny Boy is really doing is killing time: he has no money and no desire to leave the neighborhood. He's scared to death by the statuesque black lady, who hardly looks up at him while he promises her the world. Still, on he goes, even to the humiliating point of promising that the club will serve the Chinese food Diane says she likes. It's a minor study of the dreamy games people play when they are landlocked by their environment and lack of courage.

As Johnny Boy and the rest of his friends stumble between bar and bed, making their petty deals and bragging about their unglamorous exploits in love or business, one gets the edges of a lifestyle. There's also a feel here for the characters' alienation from the national language: these are people who spend half their time repeating themselves to be understood and who begin long, rambling disclosures about nothing in particular

Johnny Boy (Robert De Niro) tries to settle some debts with his buddy Charlie (Harvey Keitel) in Martin Scorsese's Mean Streets.

with the disclaimer "to make a long story short." Nothing slows the steady trickle of their drab routine, not even the suicide of an acquaintance or the crack-up of a friend back from Vietnam or the occasional bursts of existential violence that smash the peace of a drunken night.

The trouble is that Scorsese has not found a way to dramatize the tedium without inflicting it on the audience. The movie has little rhythm and is far too repetitious, choosing to throw a half-dozen details at us where one, carefully selected, would suffice. Certainly De Niro and his fine co-star Harvey Keitel, who plays the gang member most obsessed with both Catholic guilt and success, score victories here and there. But the sloppy grasp of the film dwarfs them in the long run. It's Scorsese's ironic achievement that even as he refuses to exploit the most easily exploitable movie material known to man or Hollywood, he somehow turns understatement into a numbing form of overkill.

Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford visiting with friends in Sydney Pollock's "basic on-again, off-again love story," The Way We Were.

There's so much to be offended by in *The Way We Were* that I'm somewhat embarrassed to admit—especially in the same breath—that the movie does have its own half-assed pleasures. The question is: can you like *The Way We Were* without hating yourself in the morning?

This new Sydney Pollack-Arthur Laurents film is, in one sense, your basic on-again, off-again love story, full of the predictable laughter and tears as well as occasional bursts of honest wit. It's the kind of kitsch just about anyone can relate to—but there is, alas, a hitch. The lovers in question are a Jewish '30s radical (Barbra Streisand) and a Wasp-jock-liberal (Robert Redford)—and, through their 20-year affair-marriage, Messrs. Laurents (screenwriter) and Pollack (director) presume to paint a broader portrait of the legendary literary-show biz crowd that came of age with the Spanish Civil War and, much later, lost its innocence during the McCarthy witch hunt.

In *The Way We Were* it isn't enough to care whether or not the star-crossed hero and heroine can cut it in and out of bed. We are also expected to be concerned with the kind of moral issues that people like Arthur Miller have spent whole (and often inconclusive) careers trying to resolve. As Pollack used the Depression dance marathon as a metaphor for Vietnam in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, so he tries this time to use the political and personal dilemmas of the Old Left to amplify those of the New. Not only is this notion devoid of originality, but it's carried out with none of the attention to socio-historic detail that marked *They Shoot Horses.*

Things just never *were* the way they are in *The Way We Were.* This is the kind of movie in which Communists can be distinguished by the posters of Marx and Stalin they tack up in their apartments and by their propensity for using words like "fascist" and "decadent." Liberals, on the other hand, refuse to raise their voices even when physically assaulted and tend to value their personal lives over a demonstration in support of, say, The Hollywood Ten.

As if this isn't enough, there is also the severe structural defect in Laurents' script that causes the story to run out 45 minutes before the movie does. Pollack compounds the sin by padding the film with lovey-dovey "romantic" excursions to Central Park and the California shore—interludes that are not only out-of-character but also feature the kind of hack cinematic cliches that should have no place this side of TV airline commercials.

But, as junky as all this stuff is, the movie holds your attention far longer than it has any right to for the simple reason that, yes, Streisand and Redford are great together, better as a team than either has been separately in years. There's a real erotic chemistry working in this film (as it didn't with Steisand and Ryan O'Neal in *What's Up, Doc?*); the Jew-goy couplings that have become a new stock-in-trade of American movies (*Heartbreak Kid, Jeremy* et al) have reached their apotheosis with the stars of *The Way We Were.*

Although Streisand sometimes seems to be coming on as the young Bella Abzug, she carries out her love scenes without the self-consciousness that has turned her similar moments in other movies into farce and self-satire. Redford seems to have abandoned the pretentious seriousness that made *The Candidate* and, especially, *Jeremiah Johnson* (also directed by Pollack) so pompous. In *The Way We Were* he has a sense of humor again, even a smile; his performance is a throwback to *Barefoot in the Park*, a movie this new film occasionally recalls with its gag about a top-floor New York brownstone walk-up and its fascination with the Plaza and Central Park location shooting.

Indeed Redford and Streisand are so engaging in this picture that I'm almost inclined to forgive the trappings. But it's an essential point of order to note that, its stars aside, *The Way We Were* is a lamentable *Strawberry Statement* of the blacklist generation. ●

BOOKS

A hope that Capote will "deliver the goods" next time; another way to stay healthy

The Dogs Bark: Public People and Private Places by Truman Capote, Random House, 419 pp., $8.95.

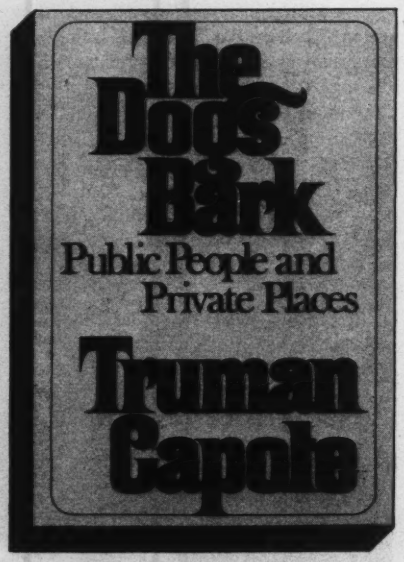
There are circles in which a collection like this would be called a rip-off. Each of its 30 pieces has, after all, appeared elsewhere. Except for its preface, not a single surprise awaits the faithful, assuming the faithful have read their *Local Color*, their *The Muses Are Heard*, their *Observations* (in which longish Capote captions accompany Avedon portraits), and kept up with the master's occasional other works of shorter nonfiction. One is almost surprised not to find here a reprint of Capote's four-paragraph foreword to Myrna Davis' recent *Potato Book*.

In other circles so shameless a serving up of literary leftovers might be called an act of *chutzpah*, but then reticence has never been a long suit of the former Truman Streckfus Persons. Soon after *In Cold Blood* came out, seven autumns ago, I watched its author pose in a studio for what might have been his sixth magazine cover that heady season. The photographer was awestruck by his subject. "God," he said as Capote went to get his hat after the sitting, "he's marvelous!"

"Well, Truman," I said as the season's lion and I strolled southward from the photographer's, "you really made that man's day."

"His day?" protested the self-proclaimed founder of the nonfiction novel. "His *day?* I made his *week!*"

Not what you'd call modesty, but a less confident, more cautious fellow could never have been so itinerant a *wunderkind*, could not have told of voodoo ceremonies in Haiti, train rides through Spain and the Soviet Union, or the Aegean cruise of which Capote writes, "Just imagine!—A whole yacht at the disposal of one passenger!" The meek and the hangdog don't have such adventures, nor are they summoned to high tea with Baroness Blixen, whom "time [had] reduced to an essence,



as a grape can become a raisin, roses an attar." Only the bold can gossip with the likes of Camus, Cocteau, and Gide, or reminisce familiarly about Marilyn Monroe and Mae West, or claim (who'll argue?) that "the two politicians I've known best were President Kennedy and his brother Robert."

This book's mission, presumably, is to demonstrate that the author's style has changed and grown over the years, since the time (1950) when "the night caught us in its hand and there was nothing to do but become another of the masked, ecstatic faces flashing in the torch-flare." That happened in Tangier, whose Casbah Capote later found ". . . a medieval puzzlement of alleys and alcoves and kif-odored, mint-scented piazzas down to the crawling-with-sailors, ship-horn-hollering port." Pretty, this prose, but maybe too chiffon, too hyphenated. One prefers signs of the matchless eye and ear which show Capote at his best: catching Leonard Lyons mutter that "nobody gets in my tax bracket looking at scenery," or noting that Marlon Brando "looked at people . . . with what can only be called a pitying expression, as though he dwelt in spheres of enlightenment where they, to his regret, did not."

He also quotes a remark on that actor's flair for paying total attention: "When *your* turn comes, he makes you feel that you're the only person in the room. In the world." Capote has that gift himself. Having been the occasional object of his rare attention, I know he can be as diverting a companion on the road, or under his several roofs, as he is in print. Once, en route to more staid business farther west, he felt moved to give me a guided tour, quite a thorough one, of the special interest bars along Troost Street in Kansas City. Later, between visits to his

favorite spa's Eucalyptus Room in Palm Springs, I saw him X out the blank on a grocery charge account application that asked "HUSBAND OR WIFE," to write in "BACHELOR!!" Another time, without question my most improbable New Year's Eve, I was the sole guest at Capote's preserve out on Long Island. It wasn't one of your raucous evenings; we had a quiet supper of baked potatoes and caviar washed down with the usual vodka and fudge cake, and at midnight, after I phoned my family, he called his 95-year-old grandmother to wish her a happy 1967.

He was then at work, he said, on the most ambitious project of his career, "complicated technically and much the longest work I've done." It would be called *Answered Prayers*, after Saint Theresa's remark that more tears are shed over answered prayers than unanswered ones. Now *In Cold Blood* can't be an easy act to follow, and it is true, as Capote observes in *The Dogs Bark*, that "literature has its own life and steps to its own measure," but *Answered Prayers* is the book to wait for. Let's hope Capote can deliver the promised goods soon and add to his present stature instead of coasting on it. *The Dogs Bark*, alas, doesn't tell us anything about him we didn't already know.—**Jane Howard**

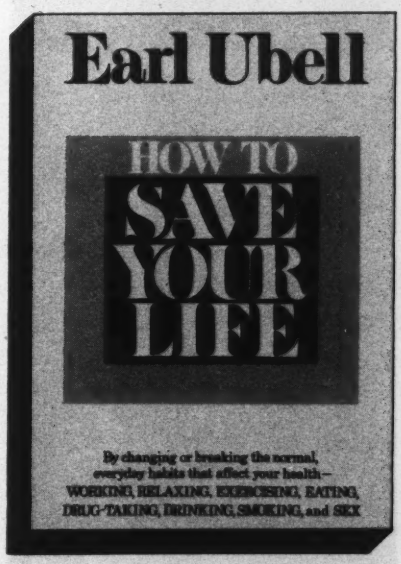
How To Save Your Life by Earl Ubell, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 308 pp., $7.50.

Though science has catapulted us from the sands of Kitty Hawk to the craters of the moon within a single lifetime, one of the ironies of the century is that human longevity has remained virtually static for those surviving young adulthood. In 1900, a 40-year-old man had a life expectancy of 28 more years; today it is 32 years. In 1900, a 65-year-old man had 12 actuarial years in front of him; today he has 13. True, infectious diseases have been virtually eradicated, vastly enhancing the chances of infants and young people reaching maturity, but as Earl Ubell notes here, "Medicine does little for those in middle and old age."

And so we are cut down by new plagues: cancer, emphysema, bronchitis, cirrhosis, 50,000 annual auto fatalities—and most of all, heart disease. Arteriosclerosis alone destroys a million of us a year. Yet even as a new generation of scientists flails after "cures" for these killers, we conduct ourselves as willing accomplices to the crime. Where our ancestors trudged, we ride. Where they flourished on carbohydrates, we gorge on animal fat. Today's tipplers would have drunk their reputedly hard-guzzling forebears under the table, and our pack-a-day smokers would have stuffed their forebears' spittoons in no time. To win heaven, they worked and prayed; to find peace, we gulp pills by the ton. We have the power and wealth and knowledge to live longer; we seem not to have the will.

Toward the conditioning of that will, Ubell dedicates *How to Save Your Life*. Were he a bit more of a showman, this fellow could scare the living suet out of you. A prominent sci-tru writer and editor (20 years with the late *Herald Tribune* and CBS), he has all the indicting data at his fingertips on how we eat, drink, smoke and drug ourselves to an early grave. Yet there is no whipcracking here, but instead a cool, constantly informing, belly-to-belly approach that disarms those of us who spurn the carnal knowledge that hamburgers, French fries, butter-crunch cones and apple pie clog our loving arteries something terrible. Those eats are, of course, America's favorite food, so Ubell goes to the top of the subversive list of the love-it-or-leave-it set.

If such ingratitude is par for saviors, we must at least listen to this one as he urges us to cut down or stop smoking (cold turkey is best), to start and continue exercising (our hearts and lungs, not just our gut and butt muscles), to eat less and better (hello, halibut, Brussels sprouts and skim milk; goodbye, bacon, gimlets and Baskin-Robbins), and to avoid every trip we can from aspirin to cocaine. His encyclopedic book is a bracing antidote for our fondest, and most lethal, vices.


Earl Ubell
HOW TO
SAVE
YOUR
LIFE
By changing or breaking the normal, everyday habits that affect your health—
WORKING, RELAXING, EXERCISING, EATING, DRUG-TAKING, DRINKING, SMOKING, and SEX

But there is a utopian, if not Messianic, streak in our author, who is not content to let the dour facts brace our willpower. For more than will is needed, Ubell asserts. We've got to train ourselves out of self-destructive habits into life-enhancing ones. Who could argue with that? The trouble is that Ubell confesses to scant interest in *why* we have fallen upon such errant ways, and so he dwells instead on rigidly programmatic steps to salvation, and in the process comes uncomfortably close to implying that our behavior is as readily manipulatable as a robot's.

Thus, wind us up and see us unwind with "The 17-Minute Relaxation Instruction," a Ubell-endorsed exercise that must do wonders for graduates of Lourdes. It is one thing to counsel us on why diets finally don't work, as Ubell does clearly (because they don't get to the basic problem of learning how to push less mush into our faces all the time), but quite another to offer us five sure-fire steps for learning how to love tuna fish. One is grateful to learn that a once-a-week violent session of tennis or squash is downright harmful if that's all the exercising you do, but is any human being this side of the funny farm going to achieve cardiorespiratory fitness by actually running up and down a flight of ten stairs, fast, for at least 10 minutes a day?

A supreme rationalist, Ubell suggests that we keep careful records of our struggles for bodily fitness. He recommends compiling how-I-fell-asleep charts on each night's battle to overcome insomnia (though one would think that might induce a great deal of staring at the ceiling in anticipation of the next day's chastening entry). He recommends weight charts to self-monitor sane reducing (though a scale would seem to be sufficient for the purpose), and a "sex diary" to chronicle one's increasingly intense forays (none of them noted, presumably, *in flagrante delicto*). Just fun and games to hype our motivation, no doubt, but what is one to make, in the end, of a chap like this who tells that to facilitate his early morning blastoff, he puts a Thermos bottle beside his bed the night before and, "Upon the ringing of the alarm, I get up, put my feet on the floor and do not turn off the alarm until I have taken a sip of the cold juice." You just know Ghengis Khan did likewise, only with wolf's blood—and it was warm.

If many of the methods seem self-conscious, silly or merely better suited to fat rats in a Pavlovian maze, the substance of this cautionary tale is to be ignored only at our peril. And if you cannot resist a weekly tryst with your neighborhood Carvel dispenser, Ubell will at least have you jogging there and back till blessed abstinence arrives.—**Richard Kluger**

MUSIC

A new movie and a new album signal a shift in the career of Neil Young

By Janet Maslin

Neil Young, rock-and-roll groundhog, only shows up in public on very special occasions. He agreed to headline the opening of the Roxy, a new rock bistro in Los Angeles, but that was special because his former manager is one of the club's co-owners. He showed up at Steve Stills' gig at San Francisco's Winterland several weeks ago, but *that* was special because Crosby and Nash also made an unadvertised appearance with him (the four are now sufficiently reunited to be contemplating a January concert tour). And earlier this month he made two expeditions to Cambridge, Mass., on behalf of *Journey Through The Past,* the project which—according to Young's own scheme of things—is especially worth a little of his time and the loss of much-guarded privacy.

Up until recently, *Journey Through The Past* was most familiar as the title of a Neil Young album, one which he now describes as "a mistake." Put together as the soundtrack for a film of the same name that was still in the works, the *Journey Through The Past* album was somehow released a year too early. The album does not include the song, 'Journey Through The Past,' and the film does not include the song, either, because, says Young, "I wrote it as the title tune for the picture, but then I found out they had nothing to do with each other."

Now, both the song and the film are finally available, the former on Neil's new live LP. *Time Fades Away,* and the latter at the Orson Welles Complex, an art theater *cum* organic restaurant located just south of Harvard Yard, smack in the middle of Cambridge's main drag. Several nights before the movie was shown to the press there, a musician, who had apparently seen the picture at an earlier, private screening, said, "He's really gonna show it, huh? I guess that takes courage." It also has taken persistence. "All along the way," says Young, "I've heard every possible trip on why we couldn't do it." Young already has spent two and a half years on his pet project working on a special high-powered sound system, shooting and editing 72 hours of mostly 16mm film (the finished opus runs 96 minutes and has been blown up to 35mm), and finally canvassing the country in search of the right place to stage the official premiere. He chose Cambridge because, according to David Crosby (a co-star of both the film and its pre-opening festivities), that was "the hippest place in the country." He chose the Orson Welles because "we thought we'd have a better chance showing it to the people it was made for, rather than trying to follow *Cabaret* into a downtown Boston theater."

He decided to come open it personally because he thought that might help the picture's chances, and because "I haven't had any feedback on anything I've done in the last two years."

"I haven't had any feedback," says Young, "on anything I've done in two years."

As far as feedback on *Journey* goes, Young may wind up being sorry he asked. The film starts off as a loose subjective juxtaposition on Neil Young in real life and on stage; by cross-cutting between his rough personal perceptions and footage of his performances, Young manages to create a sense of how he transforms scattered input into finished product. But after half an hour, he begins to shy away from anything so personal, and the film has progressively less to do with him from that point on. By the end, Young is barely in it at all, having been replaced by a lot of useless but important-looking objects. There's a Mercedes limo, odd bits of statuary, a truck that talks back to its owner. There are mysterious black-robed horsemen who materialize on a beach somewhere, in what Young calls "sort of a *Lawrence of Arabia* parody." There's a man who does card tricks (listed in the closing credits as "the grey-faced dude"), and a dazed-looking guy who starts off in cap and gown and collects bruises all through the film. Wearing an official Woodstock T-shirt and what looks like Young's own plaid flannel overshirt, the graduate finally opens a fake Bible, takes out a cross-shaped syringe and shoots up by the sea.

In the film, too, there is Neil, who first appears at a radio station, grinning cryptically at a disc jockey who mistakenly plays a Steve Stills Buffalo Springfield song instead of one of Neil's. There's Neil giving out his autograph to an incredible 14-year-old loudmouth ("I already got Ringo's and everybody else's—thanks, Neil, I 'preciate it"). Neil lighting up with his cronies and talking about his early drug experiences in Toronto ("If you got high, you were Gene Krupa"). Neil going for a ride with his full-time companion, Carrie Snodgress, and stopping the car for a wordless picnic punctuated by loud woodsy background noises, then getting up and ("You wan' keep goin'?") moving along. There is Neil on the old *Hollywood Palace* show. Neil in Alabama. Neil in

Nashville, wearing a hard hat and sitting in a junkyard full of old cars, where he sips a Budweiser and rattles off anything that comes to mind ("I think this really represents America—y'know, stuff that could still be used piled on top of other stuff just 'cause it doesn't look nice. We should stop makin' new cars and rebuild old ones").

When the movie ends, out lopes Neil in the flesh—tall, gaunt, bloodshot and a trifle shaky, with a grand piano printed on the patch attached to the left knee of his jeans. Neil is trying to conquer his nerves, ready and willing to rub elbows with his public, eager to chat with all comers, with Carrie watching from the audience and Crosby by his side.

"Well, the music was nice . . ." someone begins, triggering a long stretch of silence while a hundred baffled Cambridge media types try to come up with questions about the picture. "Who were those dudes on horseback?" asks one film student, and Young observes that "you never get to know those things, you never do." "I thought they were crusaders, man, looking for the True Cross," the questioner persists. "It mighta been someone that foolish," quips Crosby, drawing an only partially friendly laugh.

Someone asks about retakes, and Young explains that there hadn't been any: "We figured if we didn't get it the first time, then we weren't supposed to." Someone else asks whether Young has seen Godard's *One Plus One,* which revolves around the Rolling Stones' cutting "Sympathy for the Devil."

"I loved that film," says Young. "I hated it," says Crosby. "I thought it was great," Young insists. "I don't have any taste," jokes Crosby, and he gets another laugh, although no one seems to disagree with him.

Eventually, Young relaxes enough to begin talking about his past history as a recluse and his future possibilities in filmmaking. "A couple of years ago I wouldn't have been able to stand around in the street, let alone put big pictures of myself on the screen—but I'm not as defensive as I used to be. When I worked on editing the film, I'd look at a shot of myself and I'd figure if it made me uncomfortable, then it must be interesting." And: "Without my name and without the music, I suppose this thing might be an outright bomb right away; this way, it's a tool to get into the filmmaking community."

Young goes on to explain that he believes in recycling money earned from art back into art; the $350,000 for *Journey* was his own private investment. Crosby adds that *he* recycles money into dope. Young is asked one final question: What would he want people to know before seeing *Journey.* "Jeez, I dunno," says Neil. "Just how to get to the theater, I guess."

Neil Young, Carrie Snodgress and their son, Zeke, leave the Orson Welles theater in Cambridge following a screening of Young's movie, Journey Through The Past.

His film has a certain amount in common with his new live album, *Time Fades Away.* The album, like the film, has a very raw feel to it, as though Neil were deliberately trying to shake off the perfectionism of his past efforts. The album, like the film, is more expressive than it is articulate, but the real stylistic departure is one of mood—the vocals are wild, agonized, deliberately jarring. The backing musicians play less than perfectly because they're playing live, but their gut intensity is an ideal match for Young's new strained sound. Also *Time Fades Away* contains one of his all-time great songs, 'Don't be Denied'; the song mixes autobiographical verses with a chorus that chants the title warning, all adding up to a wail of epic frustration. It's Young's most emotional, most personal song to date, probably his most moving—and the song, even more than his new interest in filmmaking, seems to mark a crucial turning point in his career. Neil Young, rock-and-roll groundhog, may finally be ready to emerge. ●

FINAL TRIBUTE

When they changed the date of Veterans Day, "it was like moving Christmas"

Glenn Ort, of the VFW, remembers the way it used to be.

By Joe Nawrozki

Up the road from Jan's Swirl and Curl Beauty Salon in Rossville, Md., a red-white-and-blue surface-to-air missile sits on the lawn in front of a squat building. The building houses the Charles Evering Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and on this misty Saturday night Earl Richards and his wife, and Russell Kyle and Louie Amichi are pulling into the parking lot.

The post has 750 members, spread all over the state, and usually the canteen—or bar—is filled with silver-haired men wearing overseas caps with inscriptions that announce Life Member. One guy who looks like Stan Laurel sits at the end of the bar looking at the floor with his hands clasped on his lap. Another has long hair and he has brought his little blonde daughter, who almost eats the billiards chalk.

They sell VFW winter jackets right here in the bar. Summer jackets. Skinny ties. Decals. They have pictures on the walls of Charles Evering in his Marine Corps dress blues; JFK and Jackie; The Flag Raising on Iwo Jima.

If you listen closely, you can hear the whispers of Omaha Beach, the Ia Drang Valley, Anzio and the Chosin Reservoir. If you sit at the bar you can relive nights that were turned into ghoulish noons by flares at very lonely places like the Iron Triangle and Tarawa. And tonight at the Charles Evering Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, they are talking about Veterans Day—what it used to mean and what it means now.

Russell Kyle is 31 and has a baby face. He was in a hospital that worked on the bodies belonging to the Fourth Infantry Division in Vietnam's Central Highlands. "I don't know why I will think about a lot of unpleasant things on Veterans Day," Kyle is saying. "I didn't carry a rifle or anything. But I still wake up in the night from dreams."

He says he dreams about the garbage-run truck that hit a mine. The two soldiers in the truck didn't have the floor sandbagged and, just like that, four legs. He also remembers, not only on Veterans Day but other private times, when he saw the deuce-and-a-half pull into camp just brimming with dead Americans. Some were in those neat green body bags, but others were casually covered with ponchos and they bounced around in an obscene dance and one fell off the truck.

Glenn Ort, 58, is a former vice commander of the post and when he's pressed he will tell you about Casablanca, Sicily, Sardinia, Salerno, Anzio. "Other people, you know, the people who never had anything to do with Veterans Day, they don't care about us or the day. It used to be November 11, when the armistice was signed, but they had to go and change it for a three-day weekend. Who cares anymore, huh?"

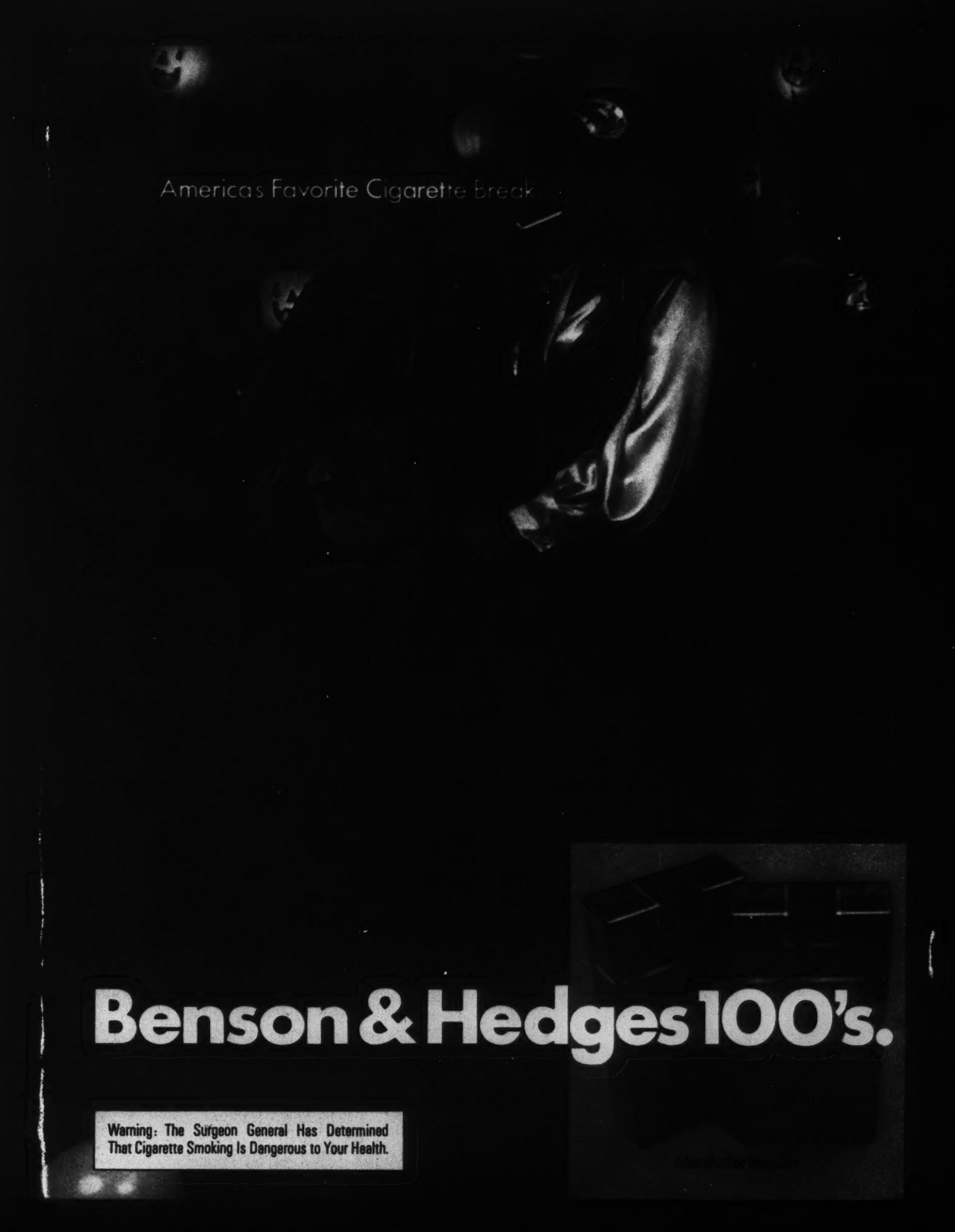
This year, Veterans Day falls on October 22. Next year, it will fall on another date. This bothers Louie Amichi, too. Louie has a very happy face, has worked 30 years for the Veterans Administration, has eight children and left part of his right arm on Saipan. He heads up the VA Prosthetics Division down in Baltimore. "I have a holiday on Veterans Day, but it doesn't mean anything. It was like moving Christmas when they changed it."

Earl and Mary Richards have gotten spiffed up tonight. Mary looks bright in her red-and-white dress, and Earl has on his skinny VFW tie and burgundy blazer. He receives a disability-pension check once a month from the government for what happened at Guadalcanal. He won two rows of ribbons that sit somewhere and, now, Earl just wants to say something.

"The whole thing of changing Veterans Day stinks," Earl says. "It's lost its meaning because you're supposed to remember the ones who didn't make it home. The ones. . ."

And Earl Richards gets choked up.

"You're supposed to remember, you know. . ." And Earl Richards can't talk anymore because these tears come up real fast and he starts weeping and then crying uncontrollably, and his wife suddenly looks very understanding because she knows. Louie knows, too, and Russell Kyle knows and Glenn Ort knows. They all know here at the Charles Evering Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars. ●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Right, Mrs. Mahoney?